# Great Pictures as Moral Teachers

Henry E. Jackson

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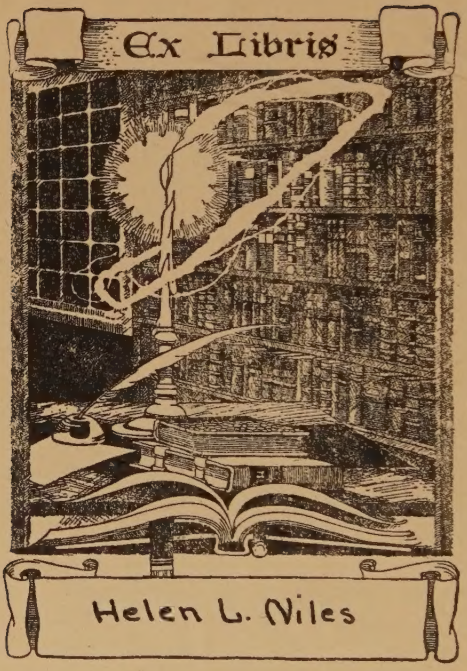
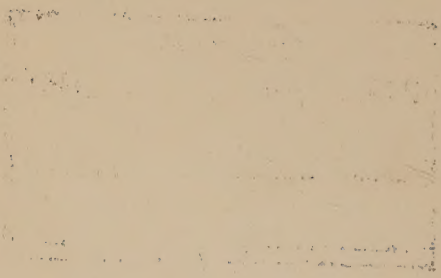


To
Helen L. Niles
From
Robt A Bentley
Christmas 1933

# Great Pictures
# as
# Moral Teachers



# GREAT PICTURES AS MORAL TEACHERS

With twenty reproductions of photographs from originals of paintings and sculpture, each accompanied by an interpretation; also an introduction on the use of pictures in teaching.

BY

HENRY E. JACKSON

Author of

"Benjamin West, His Life and Work."
"The Message of the Modern Minister."

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# CONTENTS

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*"The good picture from an educational point of view, is either like a sermon, teaching a great moral truth, or like a poem, idealizing some important aspect of life."*

G. Stanley Hall.

## LIST OF REPRODUCTIONS


| | | PAGE |
|---|---|---|
| I. | "Hope" ..... *George F. Watts* | 33 |
| II. | "Wise and Foolish Virgins" .... *R. Rinaldi* | 45 |
| III. | "Sir Galahad" ..... *George F. Watts* | 57 |
| IV. | "The Ruins" ..... *James Tissot* | 69 |
| V. | "The Magdalene" ..... *Guercino* | 81 |
| VI. | "David and Saul" ..... *Simeon Solomon* | 93 |
| VII. | "Love and Death" ..... *George F. Watts* | 105 |
| VIII. | "The Scapegoat" ..... *Holman Hunt* | 117 |
| IX. | "Jacob's Ladder" ..... *Murillo* | 131 |
| X. | "Death and the Sculptor" *Daniel C. French* | 145 |
| XI. | "The Pursuit of Pleasure" ..... *Henneberg* | 159 |
| XII. | "Christ in Gethsemane" ..... *Hofmann* | 171 |
| XIII. | "Sic Transit Gloria Mundi" *George F. Watts* | 185 |
| XIV. | "Christ and the Fishermen" .. *Zimmermann* | 197 |
| XV. | "St. Michael and the Dragon" .. *Guido Reni* | 209 |
| XVI. | "Ecce Homo" ..... *Antonio Ciseri* | 223 |
| XVII. | "Temptation in the Wilderness" *Wm. Dyce* | 235 |
| XVIII. | "The Angels' Kitchen" ..... *Murillo* | 253 |
| XIX. | "Christ Bound to the Column" .. *Il Sodoma* | 265 |
| XX. | "Destiny and Humanity" ... *Jef. Leempoels* | 279 |

*"In the actual to discern the ideal, in the appearance to penetrate to the reality, without taking leave of the material to reveal the spiritual—this is the mystery and vocation of the artist, and his achievement is art."*

NOYES.

## LIST OF INTERPRETATIONS


| | PAGE |
|---|---|
| I. The Religion of To-morrow Morning | 37 |
| II. Character not Transferable | 49 |
| III. The Eyes of the Heart | 61 |
| IV. The Measure of Sympathy | 73 |
| V. Deliverance through Love | 85 |
| VI. The Language of the Face | 97 |
| VII. Death as a Private Tutor | 109 |
| VIII. An Enemy of Himself | 121 |
| IX. The Use of Dreams | 135 |
| X. Death not an End, but an Incident | 149 |
| XI. Happiness a By-Product | 163 |
| XII. The Heroism of Jesus | 175 |
| XIII. A Disappointed Man | 189 |
| XIV. They Who Trust Us Educate Us | 201 |
| XV. The Human Heart a Battle Field | 213 |
| XVI. An Unavoidable Question | 227 |
| XVII. Temptation as Opportunity | 239 |
| XVIII. The Commonplace made Uncommon | 257 |
| XIX. The Invulnerable Man | 269 |
| XX. The Inspiration of the Imperfect | 283 |

# Introduction
on
# The Use of Pictures in Teaching

*The principle of art is the incarnation of God's eternal beauty: The principle of religion is the incarnation of God's eternal human heart. Neither can do the other's work, yet their work is complementary, and I wish the divorce between them were more nearly healed. I wish the artists felt more of the need which art can never fill; I wish the religious felt more of the need that art alone can fill."*

PRINCIPAL FORSYTH.

# THE USE OF PICTURES IN TEACHING

## A UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE

There never was a time, when the educational value of pictorial art was more generally recognized than it is to-day. That pictures are more used now than ever before, is partly due to the fact that time is more valuable than ever before, and pictures are time-savers. They represent to the eye, what it would take much longer to tell to the ear. They do a work of mental economy, and this is a real service, for the less time and strength it takes to get an idea, the more will be left to use and enjoy it. The right use of pictures, therefore, rests on sound principles of teaching. A truth which reaches the mind through the ear gate and the eye gate at the same time, doubles the impression. Psychologists tell us that sense impressions received through sight are of a higher order than those received through any other sense. We say, "in one ear and out the other." We do not say, "in one eye and out the other." That pictures are of great value in teaching certain forms of knowledge is not now questioned; on the contrary, it is approved and practiced.

In view of this fact, it is surprising that there is so little use made of really great art in religious teaching. Time was when art rendered religion an incalculable service. From the Edict of Milan to the Reformation, the church was the patron of art. In the days when the truths of religion were preached in Latin to people who could scarcely have understood them even in their own tongue, the sacred story was told in the universal language of the painter and the sculptor. For the masses the painter's brush has taught the Christian story more convincingly than the pen of the theologian. Works of art were the people's Bible. But the Puritanism of the Reformation divorced art from religion, and as in Greece art killed religion, so in Christian Europe religion killed art. The protest of Puritanism against art was made in the heat of conflict, and was therefore one-sided and prejudiced. Religious people to-day have regained a truer perspective and a saner judgment. They see that the abuse of a thing is no sufficient reason for its disuse altogether. They see that to present truth in the form of beauty is not a hindrance, but a help, to truth. They see that the Bible has been denied the imagination as an aid, and its value has been lessened in consequence. They see that the function of art is to render visible the Divine and it is, therefore, not a foe, but a friend of religion.

The religious world is beginning to turn to art with a new spirit. This may be due in part to the fact that undiscerning condemnation leads to indiscriminate approval. It is due even more to the ease with which the public now has access to the originals of great pictures, or may possess copies of them. As the printing-press ushered in the democracy of learning, the camera ushered in the democracy of art, and the pictures that were once found only in the great collections, or in the homes of the few, are now found everywhere in reproductions. The very multitude of pictures in the people's hands brings with it a great danger and produces a crying need: the need of careful selection and of educating the popular taste. The present work makes an attempt to do what it can to meet this need.

Whether we will or not, the child will visualize the stories he hears. He makes images of the characters and incidents of the Bible. To render him the best service, in this process, only the best pictures ought to be put into his hands. Poor pictures will do more harm than good, for they will give false notions which must later be unlearned. Here, as everywhere else, the good is not to be substituted for the best. Coleridge would sometimes say, after looking at a picture, "There is no use in stopping at this, for I see the painter had no idea. It is mere technical drawing." In every great picture there are

two elements, the idea and its expression. There ought to be no disparity between these, for in proportion as an artist values the thought he portrays, he will spare no pains in perfecting his technique. All truly great art is both adequate in form and significant in content. For this work only those pictures were selected which are considered great, both from the standpoint of the artist, and from that of the teacher and people as well.

### HOW A PAINTING DIFFERS FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

If pictorial art is to do real service for religion it is of first importance to keep in mind the distinction, made by Henry Turner Bailey, between a view and a picture. That distinction, in brief, is that a view is taken directly from nature, whilst a picture is composed to embody an idea. Views are valuable aids in creating mental images of places outside of one's experience. Views may serve as a background of actual occurrences. The view of a city "so compacted together" that a woman on her own housetop could drop a stone upon the head of a King passing in the middle of the street below; a bed of such proportions that a man could pick it up and carry it through a crowd to his own house; a roof that could be opened by four men without creating a panic in the packed congregation below; photographic views of such elements as these in Biblical scenes, serve to give one

vivid images. It ought to be remembered, however, that such photographs give one only the mere externals. A view of Jacob's Well, for example, as it is to-day, has value only as indicating the fact that the Well still exists. It has no value in teaching any truth about the water of life. The truth that Jesus presented to the woman of Samaria is vastly more important than any fact about the Well. Truth is always more important than facts.

The difference between a view and a picture is like this: If the brain cap of a man could be removed and a photograph of the brain, in active work, could be taken, what would it reveal? It would reveal only decomposition and recomposition, molecular agitations and vibrations. These are physical phenomena. There is absolutely nothing else which the eye can see. But the man on whom the operation is performed, what does he see? He is conscious of an entirely different set of phenomena. He is conscious of thought, emotion, will, hopes, aspirations, and ideals. The photograph gives one the external physical facts. The artist's picture gives one the true inwardness of the same facts. Art does not deal with things as they are in themselves. Science does that. But art deals exclusively with things as they affect the human soul. "Science," says Ruskin, "studies the relations of things to each other, but art studies only their relation to man; and it requires of everything which is

submitted to it imperatively this, and only this, what that thing is to the human eyes and human heart." The difference between a view and a picture is well illustrated in human portraits, which Carlyle thought were, of all portraits, the welcomest on human walls. Tennyson once asked Watts his notion of what a true portraitist should be. Watts' reply so impressed the poet that he wrote it out in the beautiful lines, which afterwards appeared in the poem of Elaine in "The Idyls of the King:"

> "As when a painter, gazing on a face
> Divinely thro' all hindrance, finds the man
> Behind it, and so paints him that his face,
> The shape and colour of a mind and life,
> Lives for his children ever at its best."

The camera gives one the physical features of the face, but the artist finds the man behind them and preserves the man's true spirit ever at its best. It is the artist's function to portray what the camera cannot give and what the eyes of other men often do not see. A woman, looking once with the English artist, Turner, at one of his marvelous delineations of nature, said to him, "Mr. Turner, I cannot see in nature what you put into your pictures." The artist's quiet answer was, "Don't you wish you could, Madam?" Precisely this is the artist's mission, to help us see, in nature and in human life, what the physical eye, unaided, could never discern.

He is not an artist who merely puts on canvas that which any man can see with his own eyes. The artist's function is to show us something we have not seen, or have only imperfectly realized. Thus he becomes an interpreter and a teacher. The vast majority of pictures now used by Bible teachers are not pictures at all, but merely views; and while they serve to impart information, they are of little or no value for religious purposes. It is time to turn to something higher. While we use views to impart information on facts of minor detail, there is an inviting field for the use of the masterpieces of art which have a spiritual message.

### THE SERVICE WHICH ART RENDERS

Classical religious paintings render at least two great religious services. One is to impress deeply on the mind and heart some great truth or Biblical scene which has made only a slight impression before. Such a service is rendered by Holman Hunt's picture of the "Scapegoat;" this picture makes more vivid the sense of desolation caused by sin, as set forth in the Old Testament. There is a great opportunity for works of art, because the Bible record is very brief. The Bible expresses an important truth in a few verses, or in a brief scene which may fail to make a deep impression. Many a picture does for a Biblical scene what Browning's poem "Saul" does for a

scene in Saul's life. The poet has taken an incident in the life of Saul, and by a legitimate use of the imagination, has elaborated it into a long poem, and by this means, makes us see the true import of what the Bible so briefly states.

Another great service which classical pictures render, is to call our attention to a side of some truth which we have never before noticed. Browning says this is one of art's great functions.

"For don't you mark? We're made so that we love,
First when we see them painted, things we have passed
Perhaps a hundred times, nor cared to see.
And so they are better painted, better for us,
Which is the same thing. Art was given for that.
God uses us to help each other so,
Lending our minds out."

Pictures may tell us what we have often seen with the eye, but never grasped. How true this is can be seen by the simplest test. Ask almost any man who has been raised in the country and has seen apple trees a hundred times, to tell you the color of apple blossoms. In all probability he does not know, though he thinks he does. If you tell him that Dante says, "apple blossoms are a little less than rose and more than violet," he will have to confess that he never noticed the violet color in them, but there it is, as distinct as the blossom itself. An

artist's picture would have given him that fact. In like manner Holman Hunt's picture, "Finding Christ in the Temple," does a similar service. It embodies a dozen passages of Scripture from Deuteronomy to John, and sums up, in small compass, all the facts of the subject, many of which we may never have noticed. More important still, a picture often opens up a side of some great spiritual truth which we may never have known. Watts' picture, "Hope," embodies a trait of the grace of hope which is not infrequently passed over. The pictures selected for this work are those only which make a positive contribution to moral or spiritual truth.

### ART FOR ART'S SAKE

There are those who believe that it is not a legitimate function of art to teach religious ideas. Curiously enough, the people who thus believe, belong to two classes very widely separated in other respects. One class is that of the mere technical artist, the other is that of the Puritanic type of the religious man. Extremes meet sometimes, when they are extreme enough. Both classes believe in "Art for Art's Sake." "Art for Art's Sake" and "Art for Truth's Sake" have been in conflict for many centuries, and the conflict represents a side of one of the oldest problems of human history. It is the conflict between the Hebrew and the Greek ideals of life. I believe there

is a reconciling principle between the two. John Ruskin reconciled them in his own person. It is only because of the common human defect, which prevents us from seeing more than one side of a truth at the same time, that we imagine there is any antagonism between these two ideals.

If by "Art for Art's Sake," is meant that beauty is an end in itself, and one of the functions of art is to give pleasure through beauty, there is nothing in this statement to which the religious man ought to object, for there is such a thing as the holiness of beauty as well as the beauty of holiness. It ought to be remembered that the early Christians undervalued beauty because the beauty they saw about them was an element in a civilization which was only corrupt. They put beauty away because, for the moment, they had to fight for righteousness. The condition was only temporary, not complete or final. When the crisis had passed and they were free to look at life whole, they craved beauty, as before they had craved truth. We are so accustomed to look at beauty as merely decorative and ornamental that we forget that beauty is a moral necessity. God wrought beauty into the structure of the world. Beauty is the highest form of righteousness. Beauty and truth are not separated in God's world, and ought not to be in our thought. It is only because we are accustomed to righteousness in its

lower and cruder forms, that we have made the separation. God, who gave as much care to painting a lily as to forming the eternal hills, joined truth and beauty in holy union, and what God has joined together, man ought not to put asunder. Beauty has a moral value for truth. To assert that beauty has a moral value, does not mean that beauty has any power to create the moral or spiritual life, but the spiritual life, having been already started, beauty is of great service in its development. Art cannot regenerate religion, but religion can regenerate art, and ought to do so, and thus utilize the help that art can give. "The Kingdom of God," says Martineau in his "Hours of Thought," "is not a business set up in rivalry with worldly business, but a divine law regulating and a divine temper pervading the pursuits of worldly business. It does not change the materials, but the form and spirit of our lives."

The universal love of beauty is one of those resources of human life which Christianity ought to pervade with its spirit and claim as its own. It is to this common instinctive love of the beautiful that the artist makes his appeal, and, therefore, gets a wide hearing for the truth he presents in this universally loved form. The universality of the love of beauty, and what it does for men, is well stated by Mark Rutherford in his "Deliverance." "The desire," he says, "to decorate existence in some way or other with

more or less care is nearly universal. The meanest and most sensual almost always manifest an indisposition to be content with mere material satisfaction. I have known selfish, gluttonous, drunken men spend their leisure moments in trimming a bed of scarlet geraniums, and the vulgarest and most commonplace of mortals considers it a necessity to put a picture in the room or an ornament on the mantelpiece. The instinct, even in its lowest forms, is divine. It is the commentary on the text that man shall not live by bread alone. It is evidence of an acknowledged compulsion, of which art is the highest manifestation, to escape."

If by "Art for Art's Sake" is meant that it is not the business of art to preach or moralize, there is nothing in this statement to which the religious man ought to object, even though he be a preacher. For the preacher knows perfectly well, that if one paints a picture of a horse, and then has to write under it, "this is a horse," it is evident that the picture has been poorly painted, and has missed its aim. If, at the close of a story, one must add the statement, "This is what I meant to teach," it shows that the story has been lamely told.

Paul's letter to Philemon has done more for the liberation of slaves than any other piece of writing in the world, and yet in it there is not one word of moralizing on the evils of slavery. The letter simply preserves the

record of Paul's act and attitude towards a runaway Christian slave. That act did its own preaching. The best preaching is always so done. It is didactic indirectly. This is what Dr. Van Dyke meant when he prayed, "Lord, let me never tag a moral to a story, nor tell a story without a meaning." So a great work of art embodies a spiritual truth, or fact, which speaks for itself.

Whilst a great painting does not need a moral label, but chiefly needs only to be "dwelt on and wondered at," yet a legitimate and needed service is rendered when one man tells another what he sees in it, and what it says to him. For a picture is of no private interpretation, and may even mean more than the artist himself at first intended, and it often suggests more than it says. G. Stanley Hall conceives art as dealing to a great extent with the future. Man is far from complete and is still in the making. The best things in his history have not happened yet. But art is prophetic. It deals with what we wish and long for. Therefore painting or music will suggest much more than they say, and stir up emotions that cannot be put into words. They will, therefore, suggest more to one man than to another, and if one man tells, so far as he can, what a picture says to him, he may help others to read the same message. The interpretations which accompany the pictures in this volume state what they have said to one man. But since every work

of art has one center of interest, or covers one moment of time, or embodies one central idea, the interpretations are limited to pointing out the one chief idea for which each picture stands.

That art was intended to embody such great spiritual ideas and human interests for the upbuilding of men, few will deny. If "Art for Art's Sake," meant that it was not so intended, then Christianity, which is the mother of painting, will disown her child, and Christian men could no more believe in "Art for Art's Sake" than, as Chesterton says, they could believe in "voting for voting's sake, or in amputating for amputating's sake." Art is for life's sake. It must always speak to the great human and divine interests of men, and this will always be its basis of general appeal. Whilst real works of art are not moral sign-posts they are profoundly moral, and are necessarily so. Because, as Morley says, "Morality is not in the nature of things, but is the nature of things." To attempt, therefore, to describe the nature of things and leave out the moral or spiritual side of them, is to misrepresent them. All true art is a transcript from life, and all art is great in proportion as it helps us to see things, not as they seem, but as they are; in proportion as it helps us to see life, "steadily and see it whole."

Art is the interpretation of the great eternal realities of life, and as soon as the artist tries to embody the great-

est feelings and aspirations, he gets on Biblical ground, for there is no great interest of man which the Bible has not treated. It is for this reason that great artists have dealt so largely with Biblical themes. Painting and the Bible could not be kept separate. They are congenial companions. They have in common one leading characteristic. The function of art is to embody the universal and eternal. It deals with nothing local or temporary. Its symbols are concrete, but they are symbols of what is universal and true. The Madonna and Child are not intended as historical figures, but are types, and stand for the universal ideas of motherhood and childhood. One of the greatest services of art is that it looks at life under the aspect of eternity; and this is also the Bible's chief characteristic, and the Bible, for this reason, has been called eternal literature. It is concrete and historic, but it describes all concrete acts in their eternal relations. When it describes the sowing of seed it immediately discloses the harvest. In every deed it reveals the ultimate results of the deed in power or misery. It does not foretell by looking ahead, but by looking at the heart of things. It sees life through the sense of eternity. The chief characteristic of the Bible and of art is the same. They belong together.

When the Bible's spirit more generally pervades artists' work, and men become more familiar with the

work of such artists, then great pictures will be "Sabbaths to the soul," and art will render to religion the service which George Frederic Watts, the Prophet-painter of the Nineteenth Century, longed for it to render. In a letter to Julia Cartwright, Watts said, "I even think that in the future, and in stronger hands than mine, art may yet speak, as great poetry itself, with the solemn and majestic ring in which the Hebrew prophets spoke to the Jews of old, demanding noble aspirations, condemning in the most trenchant manner prevalent vices, and warning in deep tones against lapses from morals and duties." There is something more to be done in this way, I believe, than has yet been done.

I

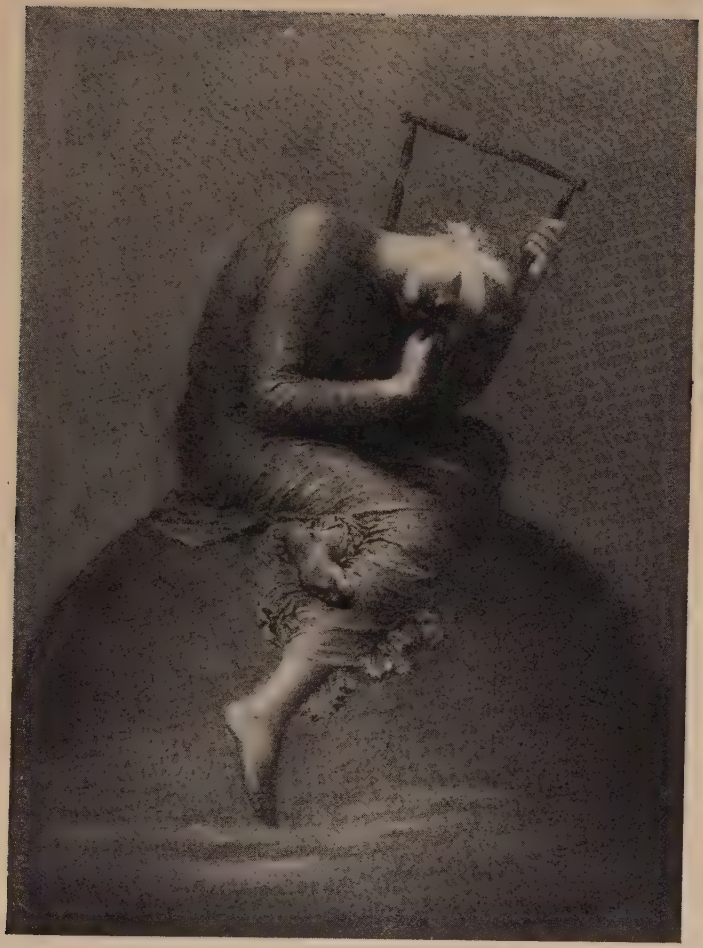
# Hope

From a painting by George F. Watts

## HOPE

By George F. Watts

This picture was presented by the artist to the Tate Gallery, London, in 1897. It is four feet seven and a half inches high and three feet seven and a quarter inches wide. The color of the flesh is a pale carnation tint. The twilight is dusky blue, the nebulous robe is light green. The reproduction is from a photograph by Hollyer, London.



# I

## Interpretation

# The Religion of To-morrow Morning

"For by hope were we saved; but hope that is seen is not hope; for who hopeth for that which he seeth?"

PAUL.

"Who can really think and not think hopefully?"

GEORGE MEREDITH.

"Hope is the real riches as fear is the real poverty."

HUME.

"All men hope and see their hopes frustrate,
And grieve awhile, and hope anew."

BROWNING.

"I have set free thy prisoners from the pit wherein is no water. Turn you to the stronghold, ye prisoners of hope: Even to-day do I declare that I will render double unto you."

ZECHARIAH.

"Hope is that vigorous principle, which sets the head and heart to work, animates the man to do his very utmost, puts difficulty out of countenance and makes even impossibility give way."

JEREMY COLLIER.

"What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast;
Man never is, but always To Be blest."

POPE.

# THE RELIGION OF TO-MORROW MORNING

A prominent physician of New York once introduced a lecture on nervous diseases, with the remark: "Gentlemen, the world is full of four things, sin and sorrow and books and neurasthenia." In his opinion, a characteristic of the world to-day is its sadness. Watts' picture, "Hope," pronounces the same verdict. The figure in the picture represents the soul of the age. She is sitting on the globe, having attained much knowledge, and made many achievements, and yet she is unspeakably sad. The figure is bowed and stricken with the burden and pressure of life, straining to make in the dim twilight, what music she can from the last remaining string of her lyre.

The picture says that, in spite of the world's weariness, something still remains. Watts calls this thing Hope. It may be called faith, or will to live, or the religion of to-morrow morning, as Chesterton calls it. It is that delicate indestructible last refuge of the spirit, a something that always seems ready to disappear, yet abides, a string stretched to snapping, yet still holding.

This trick or trait of hope is represented in the picture. It is the hope which always threatens to desert men, but one string is left, however empty and desolate may be the lyre of life. The fact that hope is a universal human grace is suggested in the picture by placing the figure of Hope on the summit of the globe. All normal men hope. If their plans are frustrated they grieve and hope again.

Ought not Watts to have called his picture "Despair" rather than "Hope?" It seems so. In fact great doubt or despair is what the figure does represent, but the chief point to be noted is that it is a despair that hopes. Of course this is paradoxical; the picture itself is a paradox. This is its merit. It seems contradictory to say that despair hopes. But what our painter means to say is that hope is not a virture—does not exist at all indeed, apart from doubt, despondency, or despair. Only in the presence of this downcast attitude does hope reveal its true meaning and acquire value. The function of hope is to create a prospective joy when as yet no joy exists or seems likely to exist. When the joy is realized, hope for it ceases. Hope is the evidence of things not seen. Mr. G. K. Chesterton, with his natural love of a paradox has expressed in words the same paradoxical truths about hope which Watts expressed on canvas. Hope, he says, means hoping when things are hopeless, or it is no virtue at all. Hope is the power of being cheerful in circum-

stances which we know to be desperate. The virtue of hope exists only in earthquake or eclipse. For practical purposes it is at the hopeless moment that we require the hopeful man, and the virtue either does not exist at all or begins to exist at that moment.

This, then, is the truth which is strikingly embodied in the picture. When every other prop has broken down hope remains to stay the soul. It has been said that exiles live on hope because nothing else remains on which they can live.

In Pandora's box, full of the ills of life, hope lay at the bottom. In Bunyan's allegory, when Faithful is killed, Hopeful becomes his successor and remains a fellow pilgrim of Christian to the end. Hosea says that in the valley of Achor, that is, in trouble, a door of hope is opened. Watts' picture, then, emphasizes the important but neglected truth about hope, that it forever nestles in the human heart, and when the future is blackest it sheds its greatest light. It is for this reason that Paul says, "We are saved by hope." For this reason also, there can be no such thing as a pessimist. When a man says that this is the worst of all possible worlds, and that if he could have made it, he would have made it better, he testifies to the high standard in his own heart. The world cannot be all bad, for his own heart has light and hope in it.

The bandaged eyes in the picture mean much. The hands of the figure are free. Why does she not pluck the napkin away? It is because she cannot safely look at the only things she can see with her eyes. Her exalted position and worldly success have not brought peace. Her hope now lies in shutting her eyes to them and looking within her own heart, listening to the still small voice from the one string that is left:

"If thou wouldest taste each dear surprise
Tear not the bandage from thine eyes
Within the heart love's vision lies."

This hope in the heart, the picture says, is no mere dream. There is an answering reality outside. There falls on the figure the light of a dawn not seen. Its source is outside the picture. Heaven responds to the instinct in the soul. There is one star in the sky, a morning star. Hope's note in the human heart is answered by hope's star in the sky. By this the artist says that man's hope for a future has some other answer besides the delusive echo of his heart. Hope is no blind-alley. Men on the sea would not have longings for land, if no land existed.

The man, then, who has hope has a reality;—one of the three great mystic virtues of Christianity. The man who has it not is dead, even though he may seem to

be alive. "The most fearful thing in life," said Machiavelli, "is not poverty nor care, sickness nor sorrow nor death, it is its weariness of spirit." Weariness of spirit is due to loss of hope. Hopelessness is a spiritual disease, but wherever health is, there is hope. The mood of discouragement exposes one to the worst of dangers. When the tone of the physical system is lowered it is more vulnerable to attack from germs of disease which are in health easily repelled or thrown off. In like manner, when hope declines, the door is opened through which the worst of evils come. The practical message of Watts' picture is, that there is always a best thing left to do, and to do that, is virtue. Its message is that of Dickens' life motto,—"Don't stand and cry, but press forward and help relieve the difficulty."

## II

# Wise and Foolish Virgins

From a photograph of the original work in marble

By Rinaldi

## WISE AND FOOLISH VIRGINS

By Rinaldi

This statue was made by the Sculptor, R. Rinaldi, in 1861, for Mr. Hardy of Boston. The standing figure is four feet six inches high. It was presented to Wellesley College in 1904, by Mr. Hardy's family.

## II

### Interpretation

## Character not Transferable

"If thou art wise, thou art wise for thyself."

PROVERBS.

"The sin I impute to each frustrate ghost
Is—the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin."

BROWNING.

"And the foolish said unto the wise, Give us of your oil for our lamps are going out. But the wise answered, saying, Peradventure there will not be enough for us and you; go ye rather to them that sell, and buy for yourselves.

MATTHEW.

"God gives each man one life,
Like a lamp, then gives
That lamp due measure of oil;
Lamp lighted—hold high, wave wide
Its comforts for others to share!
Once quench it, what help is left?"

BROWNING.

"Late, late, so late! and dark the night and chill.
Late, late, so late! but we can enter still.
Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now.

No light had we: for that we do repent;
And learning this the bridegroom will relent.
Too late! too late! ye cannot enter now.

No light; so late! and dark and chill the night!
O let us in that we may find the light!
Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now.

Have we not heard the bridegroom is so sweet?
O let us in, tho' late, to kiss his feet!
No, no, too late! ye cannot enter now."

TENNYSON.

## CHARACTER NOT TRANSFERABLE

Rinaldi, in his statue, represents to the eye the idea which Christ embodied in the story of the wise and foolish virgins. Jesus, in his dramatic story of an Eastern wedding, with its sudden midnight cry, its sense of surprise, its shut door of opportunity, pointed out the indispensable importance of preparing for all moral crises. It is the moment of such a moral crisis that Rinaldi has represented in his statue. It is "the moment, one and infinite; the tick of one's lifetime," as Browning calls it.

Such moments are big with consequences. Failure to measure up to emergencies shuts doors that sometimes cannot be opened again. The power of critical moments to settle destinies has been a favorite theme with the moralist and the student of human life. When Julius Cæsar, the proconsul of Gaul, crossed the little bridge of the Rubicon that was forbidden him by law, his eye was fixed on Rome, and he was too accustomed to victory to be careful of consequences. As men have read this turning point of his history they have put words upon his lips, "The enemy awaits me, the opportunity invites, the die is cast." Men have attributed these words to

him because they felt how his own and his country's destiny hung upon that one event. Lord Tennyson rightly grasped the point of Christ's story of the virgins when he applied it to Queen Guinevere in her effort to reopen a shut door,

> "Have we not heard the bridegroom is so sweet?
> O let us in, tho' late, to kiss his feet!
> No, no, too late, ye cannot enter now."

Some things are done in critical hours that cannot be undone, and other things are left undone that cannot be done. This is a tragic fact of life, apparent to all.

What is not so apparent is why it should be so. Why should a man's future and his happiness be decided by the action of a single critical hour? It does not seem just. When a well-known New England essayist noticed in Rinaldi's group the pathetic entreaty of the foolish virgin and the uplifted hand as if to guard her treasure, and the look of deep sadness as the wise virgin refuses her sister's request, he expressed a not uncommon feeling, saying, "She should have given her the oil." The essayist would not have made this remark had he seen that in both the story and the statue, the subject is character; and that their essential message is that *character is not transferable*. You may give a man money or material aid in his hour of need, although whether you ought to do

so is often doubtful, but to give him character is not possible, however much you may desire to do it, or however much you sympathize with his distress, as the essayist sympathized with the foolish virgin. Sympathy cannot change the facts of life, but can change only our feeling towards them. A man cannot put on character as he would put on a suit of clothes which he orders from his tailor in an emergency. It is strictly a personal achievement and it cannot be acquired in a moment. The foolish virgins asked to have the results of experience given them when they had not served the necessary apprenticeship. It was a request that from its very nature could not be granted. It was a request that two and two may not make four.

The critical hour may seem harsh in its dealing with men, but it is never unjust. It never makes nor unmakes any man; it is simply an hour of revelation, revealing what the man has been making himself during his previous years. Wellington understood this when he said that the Battle of Waterloo was won on the cricket field at Eton. It is an inescapable spiritual law that the unworthy are by their own act excluded from the highest achievements when life's greatest moments come. Herein consisted the foolish virgin's folly, for "Man's whole life and training is just to fit him to do the right thing at the critical moment. He who fails at this juncture fails not because

he, by mere accident, took the wrong path, or made a bad guess, or lost his stake; he fails because he has not so ordered his previous life that he might instinctively do the right thing at a push." Preparedness is the *crux* of the question.

It was generally supposed that Daniel Webster's reply to Hayne, which is the high-water mark of American eloquence, was the product of the emergency. But Webster has left it on record that it was entirely prepared long before. When he was called on by his alarmed fellow-New Englanders to meet the Carolinian's attack, he said all he had to do was "to turn to his notes tucked away in a pigeonhole. If Hayne had tried to make a speech to fit my notes, he could not have hit them better. No man is inspired by the occasion, I never was." As in every other emergency, so in moral emergencies, the real critical hour is not the hour of the emergency, but it is the unobserved preceding hour, for it silently and imperceptibly builds up the character whose strength or weakness the emergency will reveal. What Christ's story so forcibly teaches and Rinaldi's touching rendering of it illustrates, is the truth that there are no short cuts to the attainment of character; that character is not a dower but an achievement, and being a personal achievement, is not transferable, and that if a critical hour discovers to a man that he has an "ungirt loin and an

unlit lamp," it is only revealing the results of his previous life and conduct.

"Therefore, in life's small things be resolute and great
To keep thy muscle trained; Knowest thou when Fate
Thy measure takes, or when she'll say to thee,
'I find thee worthy; do this deed for me?' "

## III

# Sir Galahad

From a painting by George F. Watts

## SIR GALAHAD

### By George F. Watts

This is doubtless the most popular of all the pictures painted by Watts. It is the representation of Sir Galahad, the Knight of King Arthur's Round Table, and was suggested by Tennyson's sketch of him, the spirit of which is almost perfectly embodied in the picture. There are two versions of the original. The earlier one was given by the artist to Eton College, where it now hangs in the beautiful chapel, a most appropriate home for it; the other is owned by Alexander Henderson, Esq., London.

# III

## Interpretation

## The Eyes of the Heart

"Only the good discern the good."

MRS. BROWNING.

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

JESUS.

"Godliness is profitable—unto the life that now is."

PAUL.

"The holier a man is the more perfectly does he understand Sin; the more wicked he is the less."

FAIRBAIRN.

"My good blade carves the casques of men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten
Because my heart is pure."

TENNYSON.

"And one there was among us, ever moved
Among us in white armor, Galahad.
'God made thee good as thou art beautiful,'
Said Arthur, when he dubbed him Knight; and none,
In so young youth, was ever made a Knight
Till Galahad."

TENNYSON.

"Neither is a horse elated nor proud of his manger and trappings and coverings, nor a bird of his little shreds of cloth or his nest; but both of them are proud of their swiftness; one proud of the swiftness of the feet and the other of the wings. Do you also, then, not be greatly proud of your food and dress, and, in short, of any external things, but be proud of your integrity and good deeds."

EPICTETUS.

# THE EYES OF THE HEART

In Walter Pater's "Marius, the Epicurean," an Italian mother tells her son that his soul is like a white bird, which he must carry in his bosom across a crowded public place. Would it reach the opposite side unruffled and unsoiled? The question of this anxious Italian mother is typical of all thoughtful mothers. The task which such mothers set for their sons, the task of keeping their souls undishonored, is the most difficult achievement in life. If the pathway to it is long and steep, it is the pathway that leads to sovereign power. It is the universal law that things most worth while are always the most difficult. The youthful Sir Galahad, of the old legend, stands as the representative of the class, larger than is sometimes supposed, of those who succeed in the attempt. The story of his achievement and its results is told in Tennyson's poem and embodied in Watts' picture of the spotless Knight of the Arthurian epic.

As the Knights of the Round Table provided a center for mediæval chivalry, so the Sangrael, or royal blood, the Holy Grail, "the cup from which our Lord drank at the last sad supper with His own," provided mediæval

Religion with a center for its aspirations. In the legends of Parsifal and Lohengrin and Arthur, the elements of knightly heroism and religious aspirations are wedded together. Tennyson has made the legend of Arthur live again in his "Idyls of the King." The Knights of King Arthur go in search of the Grail. The mystic symbol is such that at the same time and place it could be seen by some and not by others. To some it seemed veiled with a luminous cloud. The Knights had a vision of it manifested in proportion to their purity. One Knight alone, Sir Galahad, the Knight of virgin heart and will, the Knight who knew no fear, he alone saw the Grail, clear and distinct.

The moment represented in Watts' picture of him is the moment when the heavenly vision of the Grail is revealed to him in the luminous sky through a break in the trees. He dismounts from his white horse and stands fascinated with the vision which lights up his face and armor.

Both the legend and the picture seek to represent the truth that purity of heart gives men power to see things which men without it cannot see. They seek to give concrete form to the statement of Jesus that the pure in heart are blessed, for they shall enjoy the vision of higher things, especially of God, denied to those who indulge their imagination in sensuous images. Galahad's purity

put what Paul calls, "eyes in his heart," gave him the faculty of faith or imagination, by means of which he could see what no physical eyes ever see. One of Arthur's Knights confessed the truth of this when he said—

"Then every evil word I had spoken once,
And every evil thought I had thought of old,
And every evil deed I ever did
Awoke and cried, 'This quest is not for thee,' "

It is only Galahad who can say to the King—

"I saw the Holy Grail and heard a cry—
O Galahad and O Galahad follow me!
'Ah, Galahad, Galahad,' said the King, for such
As thou art is the vision, not for these.' "

The passionate desire, the "cry of the human" to approach and mingle with the divine, common to all religions, can be satisfied only in proportion to purity of heart. Plato gives a practical application to the power of vision which purity gives. In speaking of what constitutes a good juryman, he said that to be qualified to administer sound justice, he must be free from the taint of evil habits, and must have been pure-minded from his early youth. In order to deal with evil, he must be guided by knowledge of it, not by personal experience. "Your smart and suspicious jurymen," says Plato, "who himself has been

guilty of crimes, fancies himself knowing and clever, but when he comes to deal with men of years and virtue, he shows himself to be no better than a fool, with his mistimed suspicions and his ignorance of a healthy character, due to his not possessing any example of such a phenomenon." Then Plato states the general principle that vice can never know both itself and virtue, but virtue in time acquires a knowledge at once of itself and of vice. Is not Plato right? It is surprising how the pernicious fallacy persists that an experience of evil gives a man a truer knowledge of life. Impurity of heart destroys the capacity for any true knowledge. Darkness can know only itself, and that only in part; but light knows itself and also its opposite, darkness. It is the Galahads who see, not only the highest in life, but the whole of life.

In Watts' picture a sword hangs by Galahad's side to indicate that he is not a mere dreamer, but a stalwart fighter. Purity gives, not only power of vision, but power of achievement. Goodness is essentially strong, evil is essentially weak. Galahad's purity gave him the strength of ten. The vision of the Grail gave him power to perform.

"And in the strength of this I rode;
Shattering all evil customs everywhere,
And in the strength of this, came Victor."

They called Parsifal "the guileless fool," but he it was who wrought the salvation of Wagner's drama.

It is not without significance that the only Knight of Arthur's court who saw the Holy Grail was the youngest knight of the Round Table. The strength of youth lies in the purity of its ideals and the warmth of its enthusiasm. And it is a fact of history that it is not to the cautious, calculating men of experience, who have exchanged their ideals for their comfort, but to the vision-seeing chivalrous youth, that the great causes of God owe their greatest debt.

There is a kind of energy which scientists call "energy of position." It is locked-up motion in an elevated body. A pile-driving machine illustrates it. The ram is slowly elevated to the top of the machine. When it is freed by the releasing hook, it falls with accumulated force on the pile-head. The stored-up energy of position is converted into energy of motion. Likewise moral elevation gives practical efficiency. Moral feebleness destroys it. Tennyson was true to life when he made Galahad to be the most effective warrior of all the Knights. During the riot in Paris in 1848, a mob swept down a street blazing with cannon, killed the soldiers, and spiked the guns. A few blocks beyond it was stopped by an old white-haired man, who uncovered and signaled for silence. Then the leader of the mob said,

"Citizens, it is De La Eure. Sixty years of pure life is about to address you!" Purity of character is a more effective force than cannon. If men are to be effective as Galahad was, they must, like him, wear "the white flower of a blameless life." When Ulysses went to Circe's isle, he accomplished what none of his companions were able to do, because Hermes gave him for protection the little flower "moly." The flower's real name and meaning was "Shield-Heart, White Integrity."

"Traveller, pluck a stem of moly,
If thou chance at Circe's isle,—
Hermes' moly, growing solely
To undo enchanter's wile."

# IV

# The Ruins

From a painting by James Tissot

THE RUINS

By James Tissot

This picture was exhibited, in England and America, with Mr. Tissot's pictures on the "Life of Christ," for reasons which appear in the interpretation. After Mr. Tissot's death in 1903, it was sold at public sale, in Paris, by the Executors of the Tissot Estate. The size of the picture is six by nine feet.

# IV

## Interpretation

## The Measure of Sympathy

"I sat where they sat."

EZEKIEL.

"Who can bear gently with the ignorant and erring, for that he himself also is compassed with infirmity."

BOOK OF HEBREWS.

"If you tell me a sad story about the fairies, I shall probably shed no tears. The reason of the dry eyes will not be that the story is untrue: we shed most tears over untrue stories. The cause will lie in the fact that Fairyland is foreign land, that the wants supposed to be there experienced are not the wants felt by me."

GEORGE MATHESON.

"He prayeth best who leaves unguessed
The mystery of another's breast.
Why cheeks are pale, why eyes o'erflow,
Or heads are white, thou needst not know.
Enough to note by many a sign
That every heart hath needs like thine."

WHITTIER.

"Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman;
Tho' they may gang a kennin wrang,
To step aside is human:
One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving *why* they do it;
And just as lamely can ye mark
How far perhaps they rue it.

Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
Decidedly can try us;
He knows each chord, its various tone,
Each spring, its various bias:
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it;
What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted."

BURNS.

## THE MEASURE OF SYMPATHY

James Tissot was fifty years old, when the unexpected happened, which changed the entire nature of his future artistic work. Before the change came he was recognized as a master hand, but the subjects of his art were commonplace; their spirit was worldly. Suddenly he began to paint pictures which had to do only with the life of Christ, pictures which have made his name a household word in religious circles.

What wrought the change in his life and work was the experience, whose story is embodied in his picture, "The Ruins." He was engaged in painting a series of fifteen pictures to represent the society pursuits of the women of gay Paris. While painting one of this series, called "The Choir Singer," he went to church one day, not to worship, but to catch the atmosphere for his picture. He found himself joining in the devotions, and as he bowed his head and closed his eyes he saw a strange and thrilling picture. It seemed that he was looking at the ruins of a modern castle. The windows were broken, the cornices and drains lay shattered on the ground. Then a peasant and his wife picked their way over the littered ground.

Wearily he threw down the bundle that contained their all, and the woman seated herself on a broken pillar. Her husband, too, sat down, but in pity for her sorrow, strove to sit upright, to play the man even in misfortune. Then there came a strange figure gliding towards these human ruins. Its feet and hands were pierced and bleeding, its head wreathed in thorns, while from its shoulders hung an oriental cloak, inscribed with the scenes, "The Fall of Man and The Kiss of Judas." This figure, needing no name, seated itself by the man and leaned its head upon his shoulder, seeming to say, "See, I have been more miserable than you. I am the solution of all your problems; without me, civilization is a ruin." Tissot said the vision insistently pursued him for weeks, and when he could not fight it off, he painted it.

This vision and the picture of it marked the parting of the ways for the artist. The next ten years were spent in Palestine, and from this period came three hundred sixty-five paintings, and one hundred fifty pen-and-ink sketches. They cover almost every incident in the life of Jesus, preserving, with fidelity, the oriental atmosphere and constituting a vivid commentary on the Gospel record.

"The Ruins," taken by itself, apart from the place it holds in the artist's life, tells the secret of true human sympathy. Sympathy is usually thought to be a

feeling of tenderness and pity for others, whereas in its essence it is an act of will or imagination, by which we sit where others sit and enter into their condition. Up to a certain point sympathy is a memory. I feel for you what at one time I felt for myself. The remembrance of my own grief is the point of contact between me and you. But into those sorrows of others which I have not known, I can enter only by an act of will, and whether it be an act of memory or imagination, or both, the true measure of my sympathy is the degree to which I am able in imagination, to sit beside you and share your experience.

When Ezekiel went to the captives by the river Chebar, he was silent and overwhelmed for days. He says, "I sat where they sat." He entered by sympathetic appreciation into their lives and looked at them from their point of view. He has expressed the problems and aspirations of the exiles, as no other prophet has done, and he could do so because he sat where they sat. Ezekiel understood the life of the Hebrew exile for the same reason that Kipling understood the life of the English exile in India. The reason Kipling states in his own words,

"I have eaten your bread and salt,
I have drunk your water and wine,
The deaths ye died I have watched beside,
And the lives that ye led were mine."

Tissot's picture represents this fundamental fact of Christ's life, His ability to put Himself into another man's place. He achieved that for which George Fox prayed. "I have prayed to be baptised into a sense of all conditions that I might be able to know the needs and feel the sorrows of all." Such power is rare; men like Dante and Shakespeare have the power of penetrating to the secrets of the human heart and seem to have expressed every emotion and aspiration of which the heart is capable. But most men, in their view of others, are limited by their own experience and look out from their own little chinks.

Gallaudet, the well-known instructor of deaf mutes, tells a pathetic story of one of his favorite pupils, a little boy. He asked the boy whether he knew the story of Washington and the cherry tree. With his nimble fingers the boy began to repeat it. When he came to the point in the story when George's father discovered the tree and asked him who had hacked it, the boy said, "George put his hatchet in his left hand and," "Stop," said the teacher, "how do you know he put his hatchet in his left hand?" "because," answered the boy, "he needed his right hand to tell his father he cut the tree." The boy made his own experience his basis of judgment.

There can be no true judgment of others, or sympathy with them until we can take their point of view instead of our own. Such power usually comes only after

a long experience of life. For this reason no man in England is allowed to sit as a judge in a criminal court until he is fifty years old. Our lack of sympathy is largely due to our inability to see another's life from his point of view.

Our failure to follow the Golden Rule comes less from lack of good intention than from inabilty to put ourselves, in imagination, into the place of others. In Hugo's "Les Miserables," the Bishop's sympathy was a real factor in the convict's life, because he had this power. He expressed the habit of his life when the convict stood hesitatingly at his door. "This house is not my house," he said, "it is the house of Jesus Christ. This door does not demand of him who enters it whether he has a name, but whether he has a grief."

V

# The Magdalene

From a painting by Guercino

## THE MAGDALENE

### By Guercino

Giovanni Francesco Barbieri, commonly known as Guercino, painted two pictures of Mary Magdalene, with the same motive. One is in Rome. The other, reproduced here, is in the National Museum at Naples. The reproduction is from a photograph by Alinari, Florence, Italy.

# V

## Interpretation

## Deliverance Through Love

"Though ye have lain among the pots, yet ye shall be as the wings of a dove, covered with silver and her feathers with yellow gold."

PSALMS.

"And if at times an evil strain,
To lawless love appealing,
Broke in upon the sweet refrain
Of Pure and healthful feeling,

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

But think, while falls that shade between
The erring one and Heaven,
That he who loved like Magdalen
Like her, may be forgiven."

WHITTIER.

"Can peach renew lost bloom?
Or violet lost perfume?
Or sullied snow turn white, as over night?
Man cannot compass it; yet never fear
The leper Naaman
Shows what God will and can;
God, who worked there, is working here."

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

"According to 'the master of them that know,' the aim of tragedy is to refine the affections through pity and terror; but if there be any one lesson which, above all others, is taught by the Inferno and Purgatorio, it is that the sight of the eternal tragedy of Hell and the contemplation of the sufferings which follow sin, are weaker far than the power of love to quicken and refine the soul."

W. J. PAYLING WRIGHT.

# DELIVERANCE THROUGH LOVE

Almost no other heroine of the Bible has been so often represented by artists as Mary of Magdala. That this is so is not strange. For one of the most beautiful and pathetic chapters in Christ's life is the story of His relation to Mary Magdalene. She followed Him from Magdala, through Galilee, Samaria, and Judea, to Jerusalem. She was the last at the cross, the first at the grave. When she brought spices to the grave on Sunday morning to perform her task of reverential love to the Master's body, and when she was robbed of this task, her wild grief deprived her of the power to recognize His voice or form. Of the action of the two Marys at the cross, it has been said that the Magdalene's grief is the wild grief of a lover; the other Mary's is the unselfish love of a mother who has others to care for. If the Magdalene's strange love for Jesus had in it something of selfishness, in some respects it was a love deeper than anyone else had.

The place she occupies in Christian thought is not due, however, to her strange deep love for Jesus, but is due to what was wrought in her by Christ's love for her. It was Christ's love for her, which delivered her from her

past, and made her what she became. This is the center of interest in the Magdalene's life. This central fact Guercino, with the true instinct of the artist, has seized and portrayed. In the picture two symbols are so used as to express one idea. Mary in her own person is made by the artist to symbolize her past life. The crown of thorns is the symbol of the love through which she was delivered. Her deliverance through the love of Him who wore the crown of thorns is the thought at which she is weeping as she now looks at it. The picture thus represents the central truth for which Mary's life has come to stand, that it is possible to be delivered, through love, from the lowest depths to the shining heights where dwelleth God; that there is a method by which soot can be washed from the soul's wings and they be made white. There is a Roman Catholic tradition which says that Mary Magdalene and Mary of Bethany were the same person. Whether this tradition is founded on fact or not, it is founded on the truth that any Mary Magdalene can become a Mary of Bethany, and that there is no stage of human sin, on which, if one gets, one is compelled to remain.

The Magdalene is an outstanding illustration of the great fact of human experience, that "To whom much is forgiven, the same loveth much." What she was delivered from, regulated her love for Christ. Her experience is universally true. Mark Rutherford says that, "If a

man wants to know what the potency of love is, he must be a menial, he must be despised. In the love of a woman to a man who is of no account, God has provided us with a true testimony of what is in His own heart. I cannot write poetry, but if I could, no theme would tempt me like that of love to such a person as I was—not love to the hero, but love to the Helot. When I have thought about it, I have felt my poor heart swell with a kind of incontrollable fervor."—Such Mary felt Christ's love for her to be, and this is the open secret of her love. Men's response to divine love is proportioned to their feeling of unworthiness, and it is a fact of history, that the philosophy which has treated sin lightly, has also failed to exalt Christ.

Deliverance through love is one of these religious principles which, like many others, has been expressed in terms of human experience by modern novelists. It is strikingly illustrated in Winston Churchill's "Coniston." Jethro Bass is delivered from his unscrupulous life and political machinations, not by his love for his adopted daughter Cynthia, great as that was, but by her love for him. Her pure love had idealized him, and it was not destroyed by her discovery of his flagrant sin. What redeemed him was the thought that she, being what she was, could love him, being the kind of man he was. His discovery that her idealizing love could not be destroyed by sin, was the power which made him forsake his low

principles and take his stand along side of her, who became his savior. The same great principle is powerfully portrayed in Mary Johnston's "Lewis Rand." Deliverance at the last is wrought for Lewis Rand, through the idealizing and heroic love of his wife, Jacqueline.

The Magdalene will always remain a prominent illustration of the creative power of love. It is a creative power because it leads the loved one to look upon himself as the loving one looks upon him. Love idealizes its object. That is what love is for. By so doing it creates the hope and inspires the effort in the loved one to live up to that ideal. Christ's love led the Magdalene to see in herself the possibilities which He saw in her. This is the explanation of the profound statement,—"We love Him because He first loved us." God's love idealizes men. The man who feels as the Magdalene felt—

> "That all I could never be,
> All men ignored in me,
> This I was worth to God,"

has the secret by which he will become other than what he is. It matters much what he thinks God thinks about him.

We have, then, in the deliverance of the Magdalene, through the love of another for her, a principle of common and universal application. It furnishes the key to the

right and helpful attitude to the whole of life. This attitude means that a man will look in his brother man, not for pin points, but for possibilities. No doubt he can find pin points, if he looks for them. No doubt, either, he can find possibilities, if he look for them. Which he chooses to look for is for him to decide. In deciding which attitude to deliberately adopt, the strangely beautiful story of the Magdalene is of supreme value.

The one great principle which that story embodies and emphatically asserts is that the best things in life always come through appreciation, not through depreciation. For the man who reads a book in a critical spirit with no sympathetic appreciation, the book has little to say. For the man who approaches a painting with no spirit of appreciation, the picture has no message. Likewise the man who approaches his fellows with an eye open only for their defects and with no appreciation of their possibilities, gives to them nothing but despair and gets from them nothing but a negative response.

Love is said to be blind. No statement is more untrue, for nothing is so keen-eyed as love. If you want to know a man's defects, ask his wife. Love is blind only in the sense that it deliberately shuts its eyes to defects, and centers its attention on the possibilities in order to help them grow and crowd out the defects. No other kind of love is worth the having. Only so can one be

delivered either from ignorance or from moral weakness; only so was the Magdalene delivered; only so can deliverance of any kind come. Men's thought of the possibilities which God's love sees in them is the greatest creative power in human life, for, by it men are delivered from what they are, as the Magdalene was delivered, through the idealizing love of Jesus.

# VI

# David and Saul

From a painting by Simeon Solomon

## DAVID AND SAUL

### By Simeon Solomon

The original of this subject is a pencil drawing, thirteen and one-half by nineteen inches. It is now in London. "Study your Plutarch and paint," was the advice given by David, the great French classicist, to his pupil, Gros. Solomon acted on this advice, for what Plutarch did with his pen for the strong men of the past, Solomon has done with his pencil for David and Saul. He has made the character of each stand out vividly. He has made the features of the face accurately embody the central motive that dominated each man. The picture is a good example of an ideal portrait.

DAVID AND SAUL

# VI

## Interpretation

## The Language of the Face

"A wicked man hardeneth his face."

PROVERBS.

"The countenance is the portrait of the soul."

CICERO.

"The face, an evidence
Of the soul at work inside."

BROWNING.

"And it came to pass, when the evil spirit from God was upon Saul, that David took the harp, and played with his hands; so Saul was refreshed and was well, and the evil spirit departed from him."

SAMUEL.

Fitzgerald and Tennyson were one day looking at two busts of David and Goethe. "What is there wanting in Goethe," asked Fitzgerald, "which the other has?" Tennyson at once replied, "the divine intensity."

"Wherefore it is to be known that in whatever part the soul most fulfils its office, it strives most earnestly to adorn that part. Wherefore we see that in the Face of Man, it causes that no face is like another, because its utmost power over matter, which is dissimilar in almost all, is there brought into action, and because, in the face the Soul works especially in two places, that is, in the eyes and in the mouth; these it chiefly adorns and there it spends its care to make all beautiful, if it can."

DANTE.

## THE LANGUAGE OF THE FACE

An old riddle asks, "What is the greatest wonder God wrought in a small thing?" "The human face," was the answer, "in that God made so many and no two are alike." The face is a wonder also because of what it is able both to hide and to reveal at the same time. Howells makes Silas Lapham say, "The astonishing thing to me is, not what a face tells, but what it don't tell. When you think what a man is, and what most of 'em have been through before they get to be thirty, it seems as if their experience would burn right through, but it don't." While the face hides the facts of a man's experience, it at the same time reveals the true spirit of a man's life. It is the exhibition room of his thoughts.

Simeon Solomon, in his picture, "David and Saul," has attempted to make portraits of the two men without having any suggestion from a model. He is justified because of the accepted general law that the face is an index of the soul. His picture is, therefore, the truest of all portraits. He paints the mind as well as the body. He makes the eye no mere organ of vision, but the window of the soul. He reveals the man behind the face.

The picture represents the episode in which David is sent for, as the one man who can charm away Saul's demon of madness. Henceforth the two men are bound up in the bundle of life together. The Bible and picture, alike, represent them side by side; Saul, moody, melancholy, his great spear always by his side; David, fresh from the fields, with his harp and shepherd's crook, the one bright spirit in a gloomy court. The artist has given the two men tell-tale faces. On Saul's is the blackness of despair, on David's the light of love.

The picture gives the explanation of David's unusually gracious conduct towards Saul. The same explanation is given in Browning's poem, "Saul." Both the poem and the picture represent the same moment in David's life, and hence explain each other, and both interpret the Biblical scene. The poem's explanation is given in a dramatic climax,—David comes to charm away with music the evil spirit, which the Bible says, choked the King. He untwists from his harp the lilies that were twined around the strings to keep them cool. He sings many songs to show the King what sane joyous living ought to be in God's fair world. He plays the pastoral tunes, known to the sheep and to the animals, which Saint Francis used to call his brothers and sisters. He plays the tune of the reapers to remind the lonely King of the good friendship of the toilers. He sings the funeral

march, the marriage chant, and wild joys of living. He sings the memories of childhood, the gray hairs of father and the thin hands of mother. At this the sullen King becomes aroused; his mad glare is gone. He puts out his hand and tenderly touches the brow of the beautiful young harpist.

In that moment David is seized with a passion of love for the saddened soul of the unhappy King, and he thus expresses the discovery he then made,—

"Could I wrestle to raise him from sorrow, grow poor to enrich,
To fill up his life, starve my own out, I would—knowing which,
I know that my service is perfect. Oh, speak through me now!
Would I suffer for him that I love? So wouldst thou—so wilt thou!
He who did most, shall bear most; O Saul, it shall be
A Face like my face that receives thee; a Man like to me
Thou shalt love and be loved by, forever: a Hand like this hand
Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee! See the Christ stand!"

In that hour David saw the wonder of love, the vicarious love of one man for another. And through his human love, he saw what God's love is like. He says his face was

to Saul, as the face of God, a remark that Jacob once made of Esau's face. Both poem and picture accurately represent the feeling which the Bible says David had for Saul during his whole life, a feeling best embodied in David's lament after the battle of Gilboa.

The face of a pure soul is God's smile, as David's must have seemed to Saul. Such a face is the best image, in nature, of God's likeness. The picture's comment on David and Saul is that all external beauty, the beauty of facial expression, of actions, of words, is born of internal spiritual beauty.

> "The heart ay's the part ay
> That makes us right or wrang."

All real beauty is organic; it is not mere superficial decoration. It is the flowering out of an internal principle. It was David's heart that made his face to be like the face which the artist has given him.

When Jean Valjean, the ex-convict, but now rich and respected and the mayor of the town in which he lived, stood in the court room of a distant village and confessed his identity to save the innocent man, who was being condemned to the galleys in his stead, the judge and lawyer saw a strange light upon the mayor's face. It was a radiant light, reflected from within; from his brave and honorable deed.

During the boxer war in China, the Chinese Christians could not have escaped even if they had tried, because their faces betrayed them. There was a light on their faces which made them marked men. The radiant new light in their hearts had engraved itself on their faces.

When Longfellow died, Emerson had lost his memory for facts, but not for principles, and, as he stood by the dead body of his friend, he said, "I do not know who he is, but he must have had a beautiful soul." Rightly had he read the language of his friend's face, and rightly has the artist read the heart of David and Saul, and written his reading, concretely, in their faces.

VII

## Love and Death

From a painting by George F. Watts

## LOVE AND DEATH

By George F. Watts

This is one of the best known and most finished of Watts' pictures. He presented the original to the City of Manchester. He presented a replica of it to the Tate Gallery, London. It is eight feet high and three feet ten inches wide. Technically, it is characteristic of Watts, in that he painted so many pictures in which the leading figures' backs alone are seen. Watts has been called the discoverer of the artistic effect of the human back. The picture is characteristic also in its theme, in that it is one of a dozen pictures on the same subject in which the artist has sought to disarm death of its terror.

# VII

## Interpretation

## Death as a Private Tutor

"I shall go softly with dignity and caution, as in a procession, all my years, because of the bitterness of my soul. Ah Lord, it is upon these things that men live; and wholly therein is the life of my spirit. Behold, for perfection was it bitter to me, so bitter."

ISAIAH.

"The great touchstone of a philosophy or a religion is its treatment of death. A man's creed, or his soul, is to be gauged, not indeed by the way he meets death,—for many accidents foreign to the soul, may interfere in the death hour,—but by the way he views death."

P. H. FORSYTH.

"The mere lapse of years is not life. To eat and drink and sleep, to be exposed to darkness and to light, to pace round in the mill of habit, to turn thought into an implement of trade. This is not life. In all this but a poor fraction of the consciousness of humanity is awakened, and the sanctities will slumber which make it worth while to be. Knowledge, truth, love, beauty, goodness, faith, alone can give vitality to the mechanism of existence. The laugh and mirth that vibrate through the heart, the tears that freshen the dry wastes within, the music that brings childhood back, the prayer that calls the future near, the doubt that makes us meditate, the death that startles us with mystery, the hardship that forces us to struggle, the anxiety which ends in trust,—are the true nourishment of our natural being."

JAMES MARTINEAU.

## DEATH AS A PRIVATE TUTOR

Dean Stanley says he does not recollect that there is anywhere in Greek poetry, the emblem of the setting sun. The Greek deliberately turned away from the somber and sad. He refused to think of the mystery of life and death. On the question of physical death, the modern Christian still shares the Greek attitude. He still looks on death as an enemy. The feeling of resentment expressed in the dirge of Hezekiah after he had his near view of death, is still shared to a degree by all men.

In the struggle of love against death, in Watts' picture, the artist has expressed the natural feeling of the human heart. All who look at the picture are instinctively on love's side. The background of the picture is the entrance of a happy home, to which the tragedy of life has now come. Pushing into the doorway is the gigantic draped figure of the foe that men fear, with back towards us and coming with slow, steady, irresistible force. Love is in the form of a winged youth, frantically and hopelessly barring the entrance. His wings are broken in the fray and his roses strewn upon the ground.

The turtle-dove with its one tone of monotonous sadness lends a touch of weird loneliness.

The sense of the blight and helplessness and loneliness of the experience, which most men know so well, are all here. It was out of this feeling indeed that the picture arose. Watts was painting the portrait of a brilliant young friend who was dying by inches during the sittings. He had all that rank and fortune could give, and everything that love and skill could do was done to keep death at bay, but it was utterly unavailable. The memory of this situation haunted the artist and ultimately found expression in his great picture. The truth of the picture finds echo in many a heart as it did in Lowell's, who wrote shortly after the death of his little daughter, Rose,

"Console, if you will, I can bear it,
'Tis a well-meant alms of breath,
But not all the preaching since Adam
Has made death other than death.

"That little shoe in the corner
So worn and wrinkled and brown,
With its emptiness confutes you
And argues your wisdom down."

Whilst the artist, in his picture, has expressed a feeling felt most keenly, when in the struggle against an apparently cruel foe, and never wholly forgotten, yet he is not a Greek but a Christian, and therefore this feeling

is only half the picture's story. Watts has put about death a splendor that robs it of half its sting. To him it was inevitable, but not terrible. It partially, but not completely, overshadows love. His figure of death is a woman, implying that she is a nurse, consoler, and the mother of another life. Her head is bowed in pity as she comes, her face is veiled and her tenderly outstretched arm is like the shadow of a protecting wing. To those who go, "death," as Watts once said, "is that kind nurse who puts us all as her children to bed."

But what about those who remain? This is the heart of the tragedy. For the cruelty of death does not lie in the loss of one's own life, but in making desolate those who might otherwise have been happy. It is to them that the picture brings its greatest message. The chief point of the picture is the great light which falls on death's back from a source outside the picture. Death leaves a train of light behind her for those who are left, which they see only when she is gone by. By this the artist says that death is a private tutor, teaching each man who walks in her pure white light, things he could not otherwise know. From the beginning death has been the mightiest teacher of men. Hezekiah says that in spite of his natural feeling, death taught him the things by which men truly live; taught him a new dignity and caution; made his spirit alive by bringing into time a sense

of eternity, and hereafter he would walk "with the step and mien of a conqueror."

George Eliot's "Legend of Jubal" graphically describes the condition of man before and after he knew death, and shows the value of death as a tutor. Fairbairn has well stated the poem's teaching. In the old soft sweet days, when all that was known of death was the single black spot in the memory of Cain, his descendants lived in gladsome idleness; they played, sang, loved, and danced in a life that had no gravity and no greatness; but when the second death came and men saw that there was a sleep from which there was no awaking, a new meaning stole into life,—the horizon, which limited it, defined it and made it great. Time took a new value; affection, by growing more serious, became nobler; the thought of possible loss touched with tenderness all the relations of life. The limit set to time drove their thoughts out towards eternity. Without it man would have had no sense of kinship with the Infinite, for the finite would have been enough for him. It is a poor and pitiful dream to imagine that it were a happier state, were man to know no death, but to endure in characteristic innocency, never feeling the light within him made resplendent by the darkness, which death shed without. For death breathed into life the spirit out of which all tragic and all heroic things come. The light in Watts'

picture is what George Eliot's imagination saw. It is what countless numbers of men have seen in their own experience.

The effect of the death of Beatrice on Dante may be taken as a typical illustration of the truth of the "Legend of Jubal." It did not convert his love into remorse. It sanctified it. It inspired him with a new ambition. It imposed new and solemn duties. It induced him to strive to render himself more worthy of her. It enlarged his heart. "Whensoever she appeared before me in vision," he says, "the flame of charity kindled within me, caused me to forgive all who had ever offended me." This is the light which Watts says the tutor death sheds on man's pathway, and because of which, death is no more evil than its counterpart birth, but is, rather, a positive good. The tangible evidence that death brings light in her train is the fact that she teaches men how for the first time truly to live.

## VIII

# The Scapegoat

From a painting by **Holman Hunt**

## THE SCAPEGOAT

### By Holman Hunt

The original of this picture was painted in Palestine, and sent to England for the Royal Academy Exhibition in 1856. It is now in the possession of Sir Cuthbert Quilter. It was painted at Oosdoom, on the salt-encrusted shallows of the Dead Sea, where Dr. Hunt spent three months laying in the background of his picture. The mountains beyond are those of Edom. In the figure of the goat, Mr. Hunt does what no other painter has ever done, he has made an animal the symbol of a distinctly spiritual idea. The picture is a fine illustration of symbolism in its best sense. The goat, whilst painted true to life, is made almost to speak. The mountains, whilst literal to the last touch, have a language. It is not the reading in of far-fetched meanings, but the choosing of those forms in the outer world, which stand as the natural speech of inward emotions.

# VIII

## Interpretation

## An Enemy of Himself

"He that sinneth against me wrongeth his own soul,"

PROVERBS.

"What a man takes from himself, it is not just he have."

DANTE.

"My stress lay on the incidents, in the development of a a soul; little else is worth study."

BROWNING.

"A man's first care should be to avoid the reproaches of his own heart; his next to escape the censures of the world; if the last interferes with the former, it ought to be entirely neglected.

ADDISON.

"I sent my soul through the invisible,
Some letter of that after-life to spell,
And by and by my soul returned to me,
And answered, 'I myself am Heaven and Hell.'"

OMAR KHAYYAM.

"Before I commit a sin, it seems to me so shallow that I may wade through it dry-shod from any guiltiness, but when I have committed it, it often seems so deep that I cannot escape without drowning."

THOMAS FULLER.

## AN ENEMY OF HIMSELF

"An empty little shoe," says Forsyth, "will unman the strongest." It is a slight symbol, but most effective in hinting and recalling a whole world of past and tender memories.

The chief feature of the Old Testament ritual was its use of such simple and effective symbols to hint and suggest spiritual thought and emotion which could not be put into words. Among its many symbols, one of the most effective was that of the scapegoat.

The economy of Judaism centered in the Day of Atonement. On this day the priest, after going through scrupulous ceremonies of cleansing, took two goats exactly alike. Lots were cast—one was elected for immediate sacrifice by a lot marked "for Jehovah." The other was elected to be the scapegoat by a lot marked "for Azazel." A red fillet of wool was tied around its horns to distinguish it. The priest put both his hands upon its head and confessed the sins of the people. While this was going on the people showed their impatience by calling on the priest to hasten the departure of the scapegoat. He was then led away to a cliff about ten miles

from Jerusalem, in the region of the Dead Sea, there to wander till he died. These symbols stood for two distinct ideas; one was the blight which sin brought on human life; the other was the desire to get rid of it.

One of these truths has been made vivid for us by Hunt's picture, "The Scapegoat." To express it, the artist has used three natural symbols. In the background are the mountain ranges of Moab, upon which Moses died. Its porphyry rock is lit up by the parting light of the setting sun. The splendor of the color of the hills suggest that there ought to rest on nature and man, not a curse, but a natural glory. Just at the foot of the mountains lies the Dead Sea, with its salt ooze and lifeless waste, as a symbol of the blight of sin. The salt is caked and crusted along the low shore. It looks like snow. But the suggestion of the beauty of a snow-covered beach serves only to heighten the hard, hopeless blight of this shore. In such a place the soft light of the rising moon is marred, for in the disc of the moon's reflection on the damp shore is seen the bleached skull of a goat, the victim of a past year. In the foreground stands a heavy and shaggy goat, its bleeding feet breaking through the crusted salt, gasping with fatigue, ready to die. Its forelegs tremble and its hindlegs are outspread as if it were bearing up against some outside load. The artist's masterly power is seen in the fact, that, as we look at the

creature, the chief thing we notice is not its physical suffering, but the pressure of the invisible burden that weighs it down. Hunt's picture is at once a history and a poem. It recalls a great historic rite of the past, and it haunts the imagination as a ghost-like vision.

The truth so vividly represented in the ancient rite, and in Hunt's picture, is that the chief effect of sin is the blight it brings to the soul; that the wrong a man does to himself is the worst part of the punishment of sin; that the man who sins is a moral suicide; that every sin against God is a sin against oneself. In the Louvre at Paris hang two portraits of Rembrandt painted by himself. In one, the artist paints himself as a young man full of life and courage and in all the bravery of rich garments. The little mustache is twirled up audaciously, the bright brown eyes are alight with the foreknowledge of victory. The other portrait represents him about the age of fifty, prematurely old. "The dress is untidy, even dirty; an old cloth is on his head, a discolored rag around his throat; the mustache draggled; patches of grey hairs grow like sedge round the jaws and the searching eyes have become intensely sad, darkened, as it were, by the shadow of inevitable death." Between these two portraits lies a sad tragedy. Between them lies the middle period of his life, with its public shame. In the second picture the artist, during a season of remorse, has painted the blight which

had fallen on his soul. He had murdered his better nature.

Hunt's picture does men a great service in reminding them of this spiritual tragedy, because it is a singular thing that the deterioration of the soul is the very part of the punishment of sin which men think of least of all. What they think of most is the exposure of the sin. It is on this external side that the novelist and dramatist centers his attention. He thinks the worst thing that can happen to a man is detection, and the public shame and loss of social position. In point of fact, detection would be a blessing, because he who is undetected only gets worse. The real tragedy which the novelist and dramatist and the average man do not see is the debasement of the soul itself. This fact about sin is eternally true, whatever terms are used to describe it. Whatever philosophical explanations are given of its origin and nature, the effects it produces have always remained the same. It weakens the will and causes a disintegration of character which, unless it is arrested, ends in ultimate wreckage.

The truth for which Hunt's picture stands corrects the common error that sin may not always be punished; that the man who sins, like a soldier in battle, may escape the bullet and come out unscathed. The picture says that no man can ever sin and remain morally clean. Sin

and its due results are always "riveted together," as Plato said. Whilst the outward consequences of sin are not always uniform, the inward always are. Dr. J. W. Dawson finds the best illustration of this fact in the sin against love. The young man who sins against love wastes himself on those shallow indulgences of affection which leave the soul sterile and the heart empty. He thinks he can squander purity and still have enough pure passion left to realize an intense and noble love, such as a Dante's or a Kingsley's. But when he comes to the great sacramental hour of love, he discovers in himself a soul-stain and a thought-leprosy which have blighted him with an incapacity of love in any great and noble way. He discovers that the Nemesis of all unbridled animal indulgence is that the desire grows faster than its satisfaction. He discovers that he has murdered part of his soul.

This is the truth embodied in Hunt's picture, but the picture is not without hope. The artist has put into it the beauty of nature seen in the hills, to remind men of what they ought to be. He has put over the blight of the Dead Sea a rainbow of promise, which is not visible in the reproduction, to indicate what men may still become, and the scapegoat in the old ritual itself stands for an effort to get rid of the blight of sin.

Whilst men may "waste and desecrate their man-

hood," one cannot say that they ever quite lost it. The artist believed that God could re-make the soul which the man himself had unmade, but he does well to put his chief emphasis on the blight of sin, because men's use of the means of discovery depends on their appreciation of what the disease is. Forgiveness never comes to a man till the sin in his soul is stopped, not that the act of forgiveness is dependent on repentance, but the effect of forgiveness is. For the object of forgiveness is not to remove the penalty of sin, but to arrest the process of disintegration and impart to the soul the power of moral recovery.

Whilst the distinctive glory of Christianity is its good news that there is always the possibility of forgiveness and moral recovery, yet no man can look at the truth of life embodied in Hunt's picture without seeing that there is something better than God's forgiveness. So far as the father is concerned, it is possible for the prodigal to return, but it is better for the prodigal never to leave the old home, or to forfeit the father's approval. Christ's story takes us no farther than the return of the prodigal. From that time on his life was that of a crippled soldier. He was a soldier, and he was home, and he was forgiven, but he was a crippled soldier still.

What Hunt's picture says is that the gain of wrong-doing is not worth the price; that, because a man has to live with himself, his chief business is to keep the bridal

adornments of his soul bright and pure. It's of little use to guard the outposts while the citadel itself is in danger. The picture calls on men, in tones like the solemn tolling of a bell, to make it their chief concern to guard, not anything external or foreign to their inner life, like their wealth or reputation or social position, but to guard their own souls from blight and decay. Holman Hunt bids all men to do for their own souls what Tennyson bids Englishmen to do for their own country:

"Call home your ships across Biscayan tides,
To blow the battle from their oaken sides,
Why waste you yonder,
Their idle thunder?
Why stay they there to guard a foreign throne?
Seamen, guard your own."

IX

## "Jacob's Ladder"

From a painting by Murillo

## JACOB'S LADDER

By Murillo

The original of this picture is now in the Hermitage at St. Petersburg. The subject has been frequently painted. Of the many pictures of it, the two, which by common consent are considered the best, are Rembrandt's, now in the Dulwich Gallery, and Murillo's, reproduced here.

# IX

## Interpretation

## The Use of Dreams

"In a dream, in a vision of the night,
When deep sleep falleth upon men,
Then He uncovereth the ears of men,
And setteth a seal upon their instruction
To make man put away his evil deed."

JOB.

"The uttered part of a man's life, let us always repeat, bears to the unuttered unconscious part, a small unknown proportion. He himself never knows it, much less do others."

CARLYLE.

"All my days, I'll go the softlier, sadlier,
For that dream's sake!"

BROWNING.

"Though, like the wanderer,
Daylight all gone,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee
Nearer to Thee.

There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou send'st me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee."

SARAH FLOWER ADAMS.

"Our sleep is not only a great mystery to philosophers, but a practical mystery to all men. Make as little of our dreams as we may, they do, at least, show us the fearfully sublime activity of our nature, that must still act, when we have no longer any will to action. Sleep is a spiritualizer. By it the capacity of other modes of existence is made familiar. We get a sense in it of ourselves that very nearly contains that faith. It is impossible, in this view, to overrate the importance of it in the moral training of souls."

BUSHNELL.

## THE USE OF DREAMS

The Greeks and Romans had great faith in dreams. Homer said, "They come from Jove." The Emperor Augustus, in obedience to a dream, went begging money through the streets of Rome. The strange activity of the mind in sleep, which has always interested and puzzled men, naturally has found a place in the Bible. But the Bible's use of dreams is always sane and restrained and devoid of superstition. This is seen in the fact that many of its dreams are the dreams of men alien to the commonwealth of Israel; still further in the fact that many of the dreams ascribed to children of Jehovah belong to the period of their most imperfect knowledge of Him; most of all in the fact that all the dreams which are said in the Bible to have been employed by God, as means of communication, were logically connected with men's waking thoughts, as in the case of Joseph, and Paul, and Pilate's wife. A dream, to have any moral value for guidance, must be the natural outgrowth of the thought or action of a man's conscious hours.

The true use of dreams has never been better stated than in the remark in the book of Job, that in a dream

God uncovers the ears of men in order to confirm them in a proposed course of action, if it is right, or to warn them against a proposed course of action, if it is wrong. It is possible for a dream to perform this two-fold function because of a well known fact of mental experience. In sleep the fiction of time and space are destroyed, all external impediments and checks are removed, and the mind acts without interruption. The root meaning of the Anglo-Saxon word "dream" is "melody." Without the discords and interruptions of the day, the mind in sleep can carry out a thought to its harmonious and logical conclusion. In this way, the dream exhibits the true nature and tendency of the waking thoughts, by revealing their natural results. It is like this: A poor woman had come to look on her child as a burden. One night she dreamt she had drowned it, and woke in horror at the fancied sound of the plunge. The dream warned her against her waking thought, by exhibiting its natural conclusion. There is then nothing absurd in the true dream. It does a real service by revealing the true inwardness of the waking thought.

Jacob's dream at Bethel is a typical Bible dream. The frequency with which it has been painted is a true index of its popularity. The beauty of Murillo's picture of it is matched by the beauty of the dream itself. How familiar it became is seen in the fact that it furnished

almost the entire imagery of what is doubtless one of the greatest of English hymns—"Nearer my God, to Thee." Both the dream, and the hymn inspired by it, have become immortal because they are fine expressions of the universal desire for a more intimate acquaintance with God, the desire for a highway between the seen and the unseen.

Jacob's dream strikingly illustrates the principle of dreams expressed in Job. It both confirmed and corrected the ambition of Jacob's life. It seems at first a psychological puzzle that a man, so apparently bad, should have so beautiful a dream. The puzzle vanishes when we notice what George Matheson has pointed out, that the dream at Bethel was the result of the dream and ambition of Jacob's whole past life. All his life long he had coveted the birthright. What was that? In England and America the birthright of the firstborn means the inheritance of material things, of houses and lands. In Jacob's land and day it meant the High Priesthood. For Jacob to succeed his father, meant not only that he would be the ruler of the clan, but also the minister of religion, the ladder of communion between earth and heaven.

To this office he desired to be heir. But the law of primogeniture debarred him. Esau was the firstborn. Esau was manifestly unfit for it. Jacob

believed that his own abilities adapted him for it. He was excluded by the mere incident and external barrier of birth. About this he had fretted and dreamed all his life. When one day Esau asked him for a loan, he consented to make it on the condition that Esau sell him his birthright. Esau being controlled, as children are, by the necessities of the moment, agreed In spite of the law of primogeniture and against the wishes of his father, and by the aid of his mother's wit, Jacob secured the birthright. But Esau sought to undo what he had done. He prepared to take vengeance for the wrong he thought Jacob had done him.

Jacob had to take refuge in flight. He traveled in haste all day and come to the rocky backbone of Palestine by night; he lay down exhausted in this desolate waste. He himself was desolate; a homeless wanderer and a fugitive from justice, with nothing but his shepherd's staff. He was discouraged and lonely. He doubted whether the birthright was worth the price, whether his ambition would ever be satisfied, whether God, too, had deserted him. It was most natural, then, that his dream assumed the form it did. For the thought foremost in his dream had been the chief thought of his waking hours. He regarded his dream as a message from God in an hour of doubt and discouragement. At least his desire for the birthright had been noble, whatever may

be said of his method of getting it. The ladder that rested upon the earth and against heaven was the mystic symbol of his life's ambition, and encouraged him to believe that he would one day be the medium of communion between earth and heaven, as he had desired to be.

George Matheson suggests that the mystical ladder of Jacob's dream contained also a warning against a serious defect in his youthful ambition. Jacob had craved the birthright, not so much for the love of it, as for the pride of it. It would give him a position of commanding importance. Its chief characteristic he had yet to learn. This is suggested by the fact that the angels who ascended the ladder were the same also who descended. He who would ascend to the exalted position, which Jacob craved, must be willing to descend to the lowliest service of earth. Paul says of Christ, that He who descended was the same as He who ascended. John called Jesus, "Jacob's ladder."

Jacob's dream showed him this principle which his ambition involved, that the position was not only one of power, but of service, that it was not only a joy, but a burden, that the highest are the servants of the lowest, that the sinless are to be the sin-bearers, that the man who most deeply feels the sin is not the man who commits it, but the pure in heart who are highest on the ladder of spiritual elevation. Whether or not Jacob saw

this principle on the night of his dream, certain it is that it is the principle he most needed to see, and which later he did see.

The habit of mind revealed in Jacob's and in all true dreams suggests, then, a principle of vast importance. It is the habit of looking at every proposed act in the light of its ultimate results, the habit of "seeing life steadily and seeing it whole," the habit of living one's life in the "light of eternity." This is one of the unique powers of the Bible among the books of the world. When it looks at a seed, the tree stands before it. When it vividly pictures the sowing of the seed, it instantly discloses the harvest. In every deed the Bible foresees its fruitage in power or in misery. This is the secret of its prophetic quality. It is not so much a look ahead; it is a look at the heart of things. It is like Angelo's picture of the "Last Judgment." This is a picture, not of a great event to come in a distant future, but the drama of an eternal process now going on, a process in which every moment, men are being sifted, tried and judged.

To thus look at one's life after the manner of dreams, always in the light of what life might be, would do for men the two great services which Jacob's dream did for him. It would prevent the doing of many deeds before they are done, as Richter has so beautifully stated in his

well-known dream, "The Two Paths." It would also, in moments of discouragement and baffled purposes, inspire the growth of the faintest desire and ambition for goodness. To every man who aspires to a goodness he has never attained, Jacob's dream and Murillo's picture of it say,—

> "All we have willed, or hoped, or dreamed
> of good shall exist, not its semblance but
> itself."

X

# Death Staying the Hand of the Sculptor

From a photograph of the original work in bronze and stone
By Daniel C. French

DEATH STAYING THE HAND OF THE SCULPTOR

By Daniel C. French

This piece of sculpture is a monument at Forest Hills Cemetery, Boston, in memory of Martin Milmore, a young sculptor of that city. It is beautifully appropriate because Milmore died just at the beginning of what promised to be a brilliant career in art. It was exhibited in Paris in 1891, where it received the gold medal of honor, and also the universal verdict of critics that it has touched the high-water mark of Christian art in America. A cast of this bronze is in the Art Museum, Boston.

# X

## Interpretation

## Death not an End but an Incident

"I said, Oh my God, take me not away in the midst of my days."

PSALM.

"My soul, an alien here, hath flown to nobler wars."

DANTE.

"I do not wonder at what men suffer, but I wonder at what they lose. We may see how good rises out of pain and evil; but the dead, naked, eyeless loss, what good comes of that? The fruit struck to the earth before its ripeness; the glowing life and goodly purpose dissolved away in sudden death; the words half spoken, choked upon the lips with clay forever; these are the heaviest mysteries of this strange world."

RUSKIN.

"Somewhere is comfort, somewhere faith,
Though thou in outer dark remain;
One sweet sad voice ennobles death,
And still, for eighteen centuries saith
Softly,—'Auf Wiedersehen!'

"If earth another grave must bear,
Yet heaven hath won a sweeter strain,
And something whispers my despair,
That, from an orient chamber there,
Floats down,—'Auf Wiedersehen!' "

LOWELL.

"The body of Benjamin Franklin, like the cover of an old book, its contents torn out, and stripped of its leather and gilding, lies here food for worms; yet the work itself shall not be lost, for it will, as he believes, appear once more in a new and more beautiful edition, corrected and amended by the author."

FRANKLIN'S EPITAPH, written by himself.

"When I go down to the grave I can say, like so many others, I have finished my day's work; but I cannot say, I have finished my life; my day's work will begin again the next morning, my tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes in the twilight to open in the dawn."

VICTOR HUGO.

## DEATH NOT AN END, BUT AN INCIDENT

Pericles once said to the young men of Athens, "You are the spring of our year." It is the promise of springtime in the young that makes their death seem to us tragical. We lose not only what they are, but what they might become. The tragedy lies in the fact that their sun has gone down while it is yet day; that a beautiful dawn has ended in sudden eclipse. It is this tragedy in the life of Martin Milmore which French's "Death and the Sculptor" embodies and commemorates. The work of the young sculptor is abruptly broken off, when death calls him away, and must remain incomplete.

Browning faced the same tragedy in the sudden death of Miss Egerton-Smith, who was staying with the Brownings in a little town of Switzerland. One evening he arranged for a mountain climb with her for the next day. When, early the next morning, he came to keep his appointment, she was dead. Tennyson, had a like experience in the death of Arthur Hallam. After four years of intimate friendship with the poet and after a brief youth, that promised much for the future, the news of

Hallam's sudden death in Vienna stirred the poet as nothing had ever done before.

This tragedy all three artists faced and battled with, and each has left a monument of his conflict in a work of art; French in his bronze memorial, and Tennyson and Browning in their noble poems "In Memoriam" and "La Saisiaz." They have compelled the mystery to declare itself. All three made the same discovery, and all three have expressed in common the two great sidelights, which Christianity throws on the tragedy. The two Christian words which they have made clear and concrete for us, by working them out in their own experience, are the only two words which they found to be of any comfort.

Their first word is that the very mystery of the tragedy becomes itself a source of comfort. Not that the mystery did not weigh heavily upon them. It did. French has put a bewildered look on the young sculptor's face, as he turns to inquire of his unasked visitor, why she has come so soon. Browning climbed the mountain, which he and Miss Smith were to have climbed together, that there he, by himself alone, might face the ultimate questions—"Does the soul survive the body? Is there God's self, no or yes?" It took all his noble faith and optimism to give him courage to face them. The death of Hallam was the deepest grief of Tennyson's life, and

its turning point. It was to him the baptism of fire. His poem begins with a wail, and for seventeen years he worked on "In Memoriam" before he came out into his noble conclusion.

The mystery which at first bewildered all three men, at last became a comfort. French, by the delicate shading of the death angel's face with folds of drapery, indicates that it is not possible to know why she has come. But this is not the only mystery. The young man in the statue is chiseling the sphinx, the personification of mystery, by which the artist suggests that the mystery of life is as great as the mystery of death. Just to recognize that mystery is on every hand and that it cannot be penetrated is itself a comfort. What mystifies us in this tragedy is the fact that we see the beginning of a life, but not its end. We are like dwellers in a room with the blinds down. Our inability to see the end ought to prevent all dogmatizing as to what the end is, and keep us from thinking that it may not be better than the beginning. The wise man knows how to be ignorant.

In like manner Job found comfort. After he and his friends had made their answers to his problem, it still remained an open wound. Then God presents to Job indecipherable mystery, and for the first time Job is comforted. Job flings at God one riddle; God flings at Job a hundred riddles and Job is at peace. One of the

greatest contributions of the book of Job, says Chesterton, is the conviction that, if we are to be reconciled to this strange world, it must be as something divinely mysterious.

The silence of the book of Job is typical of the whole Bible. The man who lay on the bosom of the Master is the most modest and reticent about the future. "It doth not yet appear," says John, "what we shall be." One of the chief elements of the Bible's greatness lies in the things it does not tell us. It is a silence that is silver and a reticence that has comfort in it. In this silence Browning and Tennyson both found comfort, and by it were driven to a reliance on the simple faith of the heart and compelled "to believe where they cannot prove." It is then and then only that they discover Christianity's greatest message on their problem.

Relying thus on the logic of the heart they made their second discovery. The conviction forced itself upon them that death is not an end, but a mere incident; that man is an animal by accident but a spirit by birthright, that a man's engines are built for a longer voyage than that between the ports of life and death. "In Memoriam" began with a wail but ended in the song—"men were not born to die." Browning said that if this life is not the school time for a larger one, then all is chaos. They refused to believe that God would educate His masterpiece, man, and then shoot him down. They believed

in the immortality of the soul as John Fiske said he did "not in the sense in which I believe in the demonstrable truths of science, but as a supreme act of faith in the reasonableness of God's work."

This conviction is beautifully embodied in the symbols of French's statue. In it death comes to the young man, as a beautiful woman, to indicate that she is the mother of another life. She does not snatch the chisel from him, but touches his hand enticingly, calling him not to stop work, but to exchange his present work for something better, calling him home as a mother calls her child. She carries in her hand a cluster of lotus blossoms. The legend is that no one ever wants to leave the land where the lotus blooms. The death angel calls him to a land, from which he will not wish to return, a land where, unhampered by limitations, he will finish what he here began. The artist would say that death is not much; it is just a turn in the road; it changes no essential; it is passing from one room into a larger; it is a mere incident by the way.

The conviction, which thus became a living thing to these three artists, is one which Christianity alone enabled men to hold. Jesus was the first man in history to make the absolute continuity of life seem real. There were scattered hopes of it among the Jews. To the Jew death seemed abnormal and irregular. He never asso-

ciated his great men with it. Enoch escaped it. Elijah passed by it. Moses had a hidden grave. The Bible does not record the death of a single one of its prophets. The reason suggested by Matheson is, that in the thought of the Biblical writers, the prophet dwelt with things that were eternal, and they felt that his image in the record ought to be timeless as his message was timeless. The Jew, like the Greek, had a horror of death. But the teaching of the continuity of life is not found in Jewish or pagan literature before the time of Christ. Jesus made it the cardinal question of belief. When Martha came to Him on the death of her brother and was not satisfied with a far-off resurrection but asked for some present comfort, He said, "I am (now) the resurrection and the life. He that believeth on me shall never die; believest thou this?"

What was it Jesus asked her to believe? It was this, that Lazarus was not mere matter, subject to decay, but was a spirit and that he was now alive. He asked her to believe in the spiritual nature of man; to trust the logic of the heart rather than the logic of the head; to believe in the absolute continuity of life. Jesus brushed death aside as a mere incident in an unbroken career. Lazarus is not dead, He said, but living and close at hand. This is the meaning of French's lotus blossoms, which, Jesus says, death always brings with her when she comes.

This is the root principle of all faith. It is the one article of faith Jesus submitted to Martha. If this is not true, then there is nothing worthy to be true.

The man who believes that death is a mere incident, can feel, as Victor Hugo said he felt, like a bird perched on a frail bough, who feels its branch give way, yet keeps on singing, knowing it has wings for flight. Nothing discloses the rich meaning of this belief like the death of the young, as French and Browning and Tennyson discovered with amazement. With this belief any man may say with one of these poets, what no man without it could ever say,—

"At noon day in the bustle of man's work-time,
Greet the unseen with a cheer!
Bid him forward, breast and back
As either should be,
'Strive and thrive!' cry speed,—fight on,
Forever, there as here."

## XI

# The Pursuit of Pleasure

From a painting by Henneberg

THE PURSUIT OF PLEASURE

By Henneberg

The original of this picture, "Die Jagd nach dem Gluck," is in the National Gallery at Berlin. It was painted in 1868. It is seventy-six inches high and one hundred fifty-three inches long. The reproduction is from a photograph by the Berlin Photograph Company, New York.

# XI

## Interpretation

## Happiness a By-Product

"Whosoever shall seek to gain his life shall lose it, but whosoever shall lose his life shall preserve it."

JESUS.

"The instinct which leads us to compare what we are with what we might be, is no doubt of enormous value, but like every instinct, it is the source of greatest danger. I remember the day and the very spot on which it flashed into me like a sudden burst of the sun's rays, that had no right to this or that, to so much happiness. Straightway it seemed as if the centre of a whole system of dissatisfaction were removed. Cease the trick of contrast."

MARK RUTHERFORD.

"It's no in titles nor in rank;
It's no in wealth like Lon' on bank,
To purchase peace and rest:
It's no in makin' muckle mair,
It's no in books, it's no in lear
To make us truly blest;
If happiness hae not her seat
An' centre in the breast
We may be wise, or rich, or great
But never can be blest.
Nae treasures nor pleasures
Could make us happy lang;
The heart ay's the part ay
That makes us right or wrang."

BURNS.

"The whim we have of happiness is somewhat thus: By certain valuations and averages, of our own striking, we come upon some sort of average terrestrial lot; this we fancy belongs to us by nature and of right. It is simple payment of our wages. Only such overplus as there may be do we account Happiness, any deficit again is misery. Now consider that we have the valuation of our deserts ourselves, and what a fund of self-conceit there is in each of us,—do you wonder that the balance should so often dip the wrong way? The fraction of life can be increased in value not so much by increasing your numerator as by lessening your denominator."

CARLYLE.

## HAPPINESS A BY-PRODUCT

"How far, how far, how far is it from here, from here to happiness?" This is the song which the car wheels sang to James Whitcomb Riley's little friend "Jamsie." It is the song perpetually singing itself to human hearts. Whilst many would not openly avow the Epicurean doctrine that pleasure and pain are the chief motives of action, or defend with Herbert Spencer the position that happiness is a legitimate object of endeavor, yet, whatever meaning each may for himself assign to it, the majority make happiness, of some sort, their chief goal of direct pursuit, as Henneberg represents the central character in his picture as doing.

The striking fact is that all such seekers after happiness confess that their search is fruitless, and that the lees of life to them are bitter. Long would be the recital of the names of famous men who had toiled through a long life and at last confessed with bitterness that they had caught nothing. The verdict of the book of Ecclesiastes has been repeated every time its experiment has been tried. "In all my seventy-five years," said Goethe,

"I have not had four weeks of genuine well-being." Burns spoke from experience when he sang,

> "But pleasures are like poppies spread
> You seize the flower, its bloom is shed,
> Or like the snow-fall in the river,
> A moment white, then gone forever."

The words "pastime" and "diversion," used to describe our pleasures, bear the same sad testimony to the fact that men have not found happiness in themselves, but must seek for something to fill up the time and divert their thoughts from themselves. The search for pleasure is largely an effort to avoid self-reflection. The popularity of Omar Khayyam and his pessimistic poem indicates how wide-spread is the sense of failure in the pursuit of happiness. The chief consolation which the amusement seeker, suffering from ennui, finds in the Persian poet is the discovery that other failures like himself are so numerous.

Failure to find happiness is made more pronounced by the additional truth, that such failure is not due to any lack of the means, which are used to secure it. Those who have the most of such means are the least happy. Among all the characters in Mrs. Wharton's novel, "The House of Mirth," the only two, who are happy, are a plain warm-hearted woman, whose income barely keeps her

from actual poverty, and the wife of a workingman, whose husband, baby, and tiny "flat" constitute her little world. The frantic pursuit of pleasure by all the other characters ends in empty failure or in misery.

Such failure becomes pathetic when it is remembered that it all could have been avoided by the simple discovery, that happiness is a by-product. This is the first and chief thing to be said about happiness. It ought not to take a long experience to reveal the truth, that pleasure cannot be sought directly with success. Johnson wrote his "Rasselas" with the sole purpose of demonstrating the truth of this statement. This is the truth which Henneberg has told with cruel bluntness in his picture, "The Pursuit of Pleasure." The chief figure in the picture is accompanied in his mad haste, not by happiness, but by an image of death. His pursuit contains the seeds of its own defeat. He is after an ever-receding figure riding on a bubble, that is sure to burst. The bridge, over which he dashes, ends in a narrow plank, from which the fall of his horse will be inevitable. By the flowers which he tramples down; by the virtuous and prostrate woman on whom he treads, and by the money which is flung from his hand into the abyss, the artist says, that the man has passed by and wasted the very means, which produce happiness, if he had only known it.

The bitter irony of this picture was felt by the followers of the Epicurean philosophy in the beginning, and by its devotees ever since. Epicureanism assumed that a man was a bundle of natural appetites and passions, and that the end of life is their gratification. It ended by teaching that the thing most desirable was the "divine apathy," indifference to all desires. The pursuit of pleasure had completed the circle and defeated itself. It is the same blunder made by the miser, who confuses happiness with the means of happiness. He begins by seeking for money for the pleasure it procures. He ends by sacrificing every pleasure in order to secure money, and it is a sad commentary on his error that the words "miser" and "miserable" are from the same root.

The fact is that happiness is a by-product of other and higher causes than itself. This is the meaning of the oft-repeated paradox of Jesus, which He said had a universal application, "whosoever shall seek to gain his life, shall lose it, but whosoever shall lose his life shall gain it." Jesus does not say it is wrong to desire happiness, for He came, He said, to give men joy. What He does say is, that it is wrong to seek it, and not only wrong, but futile. That the way to get it, is to lose oneself in devotion to other and unselfish ends, and happiness will come incidentally. Make pleasure the object of pursuit and it is never attained.

Jesus' position, Tolstoi found to be literally true. He lived for years among an exclusive, pleasure-loving, royal company in St. Petersburg. He became depressed when he awoke to the fact, that they were all wretchedly unhappy. Then he went to his farm and noticed that the plain people of the countryside were uniformly happy. He tried to discover the reason for this difference. The explanation he gave himself was, that the people of St. Petersburg were in mad pursuit of pleasure for its own sake, and the country folk were absorbed in mutual service. He had discovered that happiness was a by-product, as Jesus had said. He pathetically adds that, what it took him years to discover, he might have learned easily, if he had had the good sense to open the pages of the New Testament.

An external unselfish end in life is the cause, from which happiness comes as an inevitable result. William De Witt Hyde thus illustrates the fatal error of the Epicurean pleasure-seeker. "Build a good fire and warm your room and the mercury in the thermometer will rise. The cause produces the effect. But it does not follow that because you raise the mercury in the thermometer by breathing on the bulb, or by holding it in your hand, that the fire will burn or the room be warmed. The Epicurean goes around with a clincal thermometer under his tongue all the time." Sooner or later he must see that there is no

escape from the principle, stated by Jesus, and embodied in Henneberg's picture, that happiness comes only as a by-product. It can be found only by the practice of what Lowell calls the "theory of the unsought." And what Lowell says, in illustration of his theory, about his pursuit of the muse, is the fundamental fact about happiness.

> "Coy Hebe flies from those who woo,
> And shuns the hands would seize upon her;
> Follow thy life, and she will sue
> To pour for thee the cup of honor."

XII

## Christ in Gethsemane

From a painting by Heinrich Hofmann

## CHRIST IN GETHSEMANE

### By Heinrich Hofmann

The scene of Jesus in Gethsemane has never been adequately painted. The reason is not far to seek. Mere suffering and torture are not fit subjects for art. An artist has no right to inflict upon us the sordid brutalities, that pressed upon Jesus in His Passion unless he makes us see the spiritual reality, which underlies the physical facts. The details of suffering are in themselves only repulsive. He must understand who Jesus was and why He suffered. To paint the scene in the garden requires a spiritual insight and sympathy, which the best artists have not thought they possessed sufficiently to attempt the task. Holman Hunt shrank from it, and only attempted to represent it symbolically in his "Scapegoat." Hofmann in his Gethsemane picture has shown the same reserve and good judgment. He has attempted to represent only that element in the scene, which he thought he could worthily handle, that is, its loneliness.

# XII

## Interpretation

# The Heroism of Jesus

"And He went a little further and fell on his face and prayed, saying, O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass away from me."

MATTHEW.

"The so-called heroes of the world have conquered by shedding other men's blood; but this man by shedding his own."

H. B. RIDGAWAY.

"Gethsemane ought ever to be a veiled Holy of Holies, to be visited, if at all, only at moments when we can look with purified eyes and allow the meaning of our Saviour in His Passion to steal softly into our minds."

A. M. FAIRBAIRN.

"Into the woods my Master went,
Clean forspent, forspent,
Into the woods my Master came,
Forspent with love and shame.
But the olives they were not blind to him,
The little gray leaves were kind to him;
The thorn-tree had a mind to him
When into the woods he came.

"Out of the woods my Master went,
And He was well content.
Out of the woods my Master came,
Content with death and shame.
When Death and Shame would woo Him last,
From under the trees they drew Him last;
'Twas on a tree they slew Him—last,
When out of the woods He came."

SIDNEY LANIER.

"To stand, with a smile upon your face, against a stake from which you cannot get away,—that, no doubt, is heroic. True glory is resignation to the inevitable. But to stand unchained, with perfect liberty to go away, held only by the higher claims of duty, and let the fire creep up to the heart,—this is heroism.

F. W. ROBERTSON.

## THE HEROISM OF JESUS

To the proud and imperious Roman and to the early pagan of Teutonic Europe, Jesus seemed unheroic and unworthy of worship. "Do you know that Thor challenged your white Christ, and he refused to fight?" was a taunt which an Icelander hurled at a Christian. To the pagan, submission to an enemy was weakness. To them a scene like that in Gethsemane was an obstacle, not an attraction. The fact must be granted that in the garden, Jesus is crushed with a strange weakness.

When one compares Jesus in Gethsemane facing death, with Socrates in his cell facing death, Jesus suffers from the comparison, if you look no deeper than the external facts. Socrates took his cup quite "readily and cheerfully." Jesus prayed in an agony to be delivered from His. In the prison cell at Athens, Socrates met his last trial with calm and good cheer. In Gethsemane there was the sweat of blood, the broken prayer, the falling of the face, the over-mastering depression, the terrible consternation of spirit. "Ringed round with sorrow," is the term the evangelist uses. In view of this contrast how can Jesus be adored as the supreme Man? Can it be true that He does not

deserve the place given Him in Christian thought? Was He less brave than Socrates?

Such questions are startling, but helpful, for they compel one to look for the cause of the contrast between the two men. When one looks for such a cause, he sees that any comparison between the cup of hemlock and the cup pressed to Jesus' lips, is unfair and out of place, because the problems faced by the two men are not in the same class. With Socrates it was the question merely of his own death. With Jesus it was the problem of sin and its forgiveness. He did not fear death. He had not ceased to speak about it familiarly, since He first mentioned it at Cæsarea Philippi. Nor did He fear sin for Himself. "Conscience makes a coward only where there is guilt." He was not punished for His own sin, or any other man's sin. It would be both immoral and impossible for any man to be punished for another's sin. He was not punished for sin, He suffered for it. It was the problem of sin, as He so often said, that caused His mysterious horror.

The fact of sin tortured Him, because He, more than any other man who ever lived, knew the meaning of sin. Dr. Fairbairn truly says, that the holier a man is, the more perfectly does he understand sin; the more wicked he is, the less. The prodigal could not see into the depravity and defilement of the "far country," as his father did.

Jesus' agony was due in part to His intuitive, sensitive knowledge of the nature of sin. It is this truth for which Genthsemane stands first of all. The more Jesus loved man, the more the sin, that was ruining the loved man, tore His bleeding heart.

Jesus' wise and tender heart agonized, not only over sin, as a fact, but also over sin as a problem. It was the thought that in putting Him to death men were guilty of an act of wickedness, from which He was helpless to save them. They could kill Him if they would, but if they did, they murdered their own souls. His unselfish purpose to save, seemed to have hopelessly failed. His own goodness seemed to have intensified the forces of evil.

The problem that tightened at His heart was how could forgiveness be found for such sin. Forgiveness with men is a simple matter; it is to forget their injuries. With God, who is always willing to forgive, and who alone can truly forgive, forgiveness is a profound problem. The problem is how to save men from sin, and at the same time preserve the ethical order of the moral world, which must condemn them for it. The thing over which Jesus agonized was the ultimate relation of the three greatest facts of life,—"the greatest thing in God, which is His love; the strongest thing in the universe, which is law; and the darkest thing in man, which is sin." How

intense was His agony only became manifest when "the touch of a Roman spear showed that He had died of a broken heart."

The world has not been mistaken in looking on Jesus, alone in Gethsemane, as its greatest hero. His heroism lies in this lonely struggle over men's deepest needs and problems. The record says, "He went a little further," —went into the night beyond human help and pity, to endure "the loneliness of the hero and the thinker." The acceptance of loneliness is the necessary condition of all rare achievement. Lowell, in his three poems on "Prometheus" and "Cromwell" and "Columbus" makes the lonely conflicts in their souls over the problems of human freedom and progress, to be the chief element in their heroism.

The chief point of Hofmann's picture is the emphasis he lays on the loneliness of Jesus. "The first law of all heroism is the courage to go on when others are left behind." The artist wisely has given to his Hero a regal aspect as of an uncrowned King, for so He was. The light, which in the picture, streams upon Him, and the halo about His head, is the artist's way of saying what Luke says, that an angel from Heaven strengthened Him. It was his filial trust and His Knowledge of His Father's approval, which never deserted Him through it all. With His Father's approval on His heroic struggle, He came

out from the olive grove "well content with death and shame" and walked henceforth through his remaining passion with the mien of a conqueror.

The sight of the solitary sufferer in Gethsemane has been one of the mightiest redemptive forces in human life. It made sin seem a new thing. The sin that caused such suffering could not henceforth be looked upon lightly. Gethsemane is the best corrective of the theory that sin is only "involuntary error." Men become conscious of sin, as never before, when they look at it through the eyes of the stainless Christ. Such a sight supplies the strongest motive to keep men from sin. Show a man the suffering his sin imposes on an innocent wife or child, and this motive operates, when all others have failed.

Gethsemane is at once a man's salvation from sin, and his punishment for it. For one of the worst punishments of sin is to look on the suffering we have caused the innocent. "The rivers of the Inferno," says Dante, "are made up of the tears we have caused others to shed." It is these two effects which Newman, in his "Dream of Gerontius," says the sight of the Master in the future world, produces.

"That sight of the Most Fair
Will gladden thee, but it will pierce thee, too.
* * * * * * * * * * though
Now sinless, thou wilt feel that thou hast sinn'd

As never thou didst feel; and wilt desire
To slink away, and hide thee from His sight:
And yet wilt have a longing aye to dwell
Within the beauty of His countenance.
And these two pains, so counter and so keen,—
The longing for Him, when thou seest Him not;
The shame of self at thought of seeing Him,—
Will be thy veriest, sharpest purgatory."

Gethsemane is a challenge to all men to be heroic. The trial question it puts to every man is whether he will follow Jesus in His Gethsemane. "You cannot," says Ruskin, "save men from death but by facing it for them, nor from sin but by resisting it for them. That is the final doctrine, the inevitable one, not of Christianity only, but of all heroic faith; and the first trial question of a true soul to itself must always be,—Have I a religion, have I a country, have I a love that I am ready to die for?"

This is the root of heroism. They alone who grasp it can be heroes. Jesus left eight of His disciples at the outer gate of the olive garden. A little later He parted from Peter and James and John, who are seen in the background of Hofmann's picture. He is left alone. Who can follow in His train? Is no one able to watch with Him in His lonely struggle? Who can follow now in His train? When Charles Kingsley was hissed at a

workingmen's meeting by those to whom his heart went out, he burst into tears. Then he tramped off twenty miles through the night, and at day-break wrote his poem, "The Three Fishers." It was Kingsley's Gethsemane. No man can understand Jesus in the olive garden, and like Jesus, no man can be a hero or a Saviour until he has a Gethsemane of his own.

## XIII

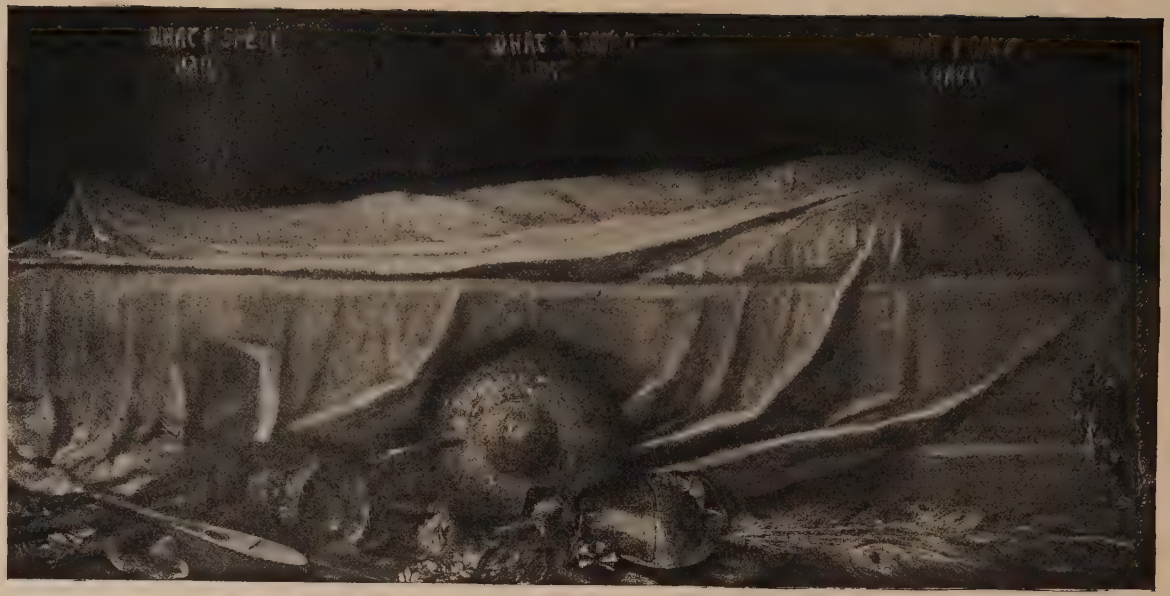
## "Sic Transit Gloria Mundi"

From a painting by George Frederick Watts

## "SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI"

### By George F. Watts

This picture was suggested to the artist by the Queen of Roumania, "Carman Sylva." During a visit to his studio she quoted the old German motto, "What I spent, I had; what I saved, I lost; what I gave, I have." The picture is a concrete expression in form and color of this motto. Watts has inscribed it on the dark curtain, that hangs behind the shrouded figure. The picture is three feet four inches high, and six feet eight inches long. It was painted in 1892, and in 1897 was presented by Watts to the Tate Gallery, London, where it now is.



# XIII

## Interpretation

## A Disappointed Man

"Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted; that is, strengthened."

JESUS.

"In the crown of thorns and in the rod of reed, was foreshown the everlasting truth of the Christian Ages,—that all glory was to be begun in suffering, and all power in humility."

RUSKIN.

"Deem not that they are blest alone
Whose days a peaceful tenor keep;
The God who loves our race has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep."

"Moab hath been at ease from his youth, and he hath settled on his lees, and hath not been emptied from vessel to vessel, therefore his taste remaineth in him, and his scent is not changed."

JEREMIAH.

"It is indeed a remarkable fact that sufferings and hardships do not as a rule abate the love of life; they seem, on the contrary, usually to give to it a keener zest; and the sovereign source of melancholy is repletion. Need and struggle are what excite and inspire. Our hour of triumph is what brings the void."

WILLIAM JAMES.

"O Friend, we never choose the better part
Until we set the cross up in our heart.
I know I cannot live until I die
Till I am nailed upon it, wild and high,
And sleep in the tomb for a full three days, dead—
With angels at the feet and at the head;
But there in a great brightness I shall rise
To walk with stiller feet below the skies."

MARKHAM.

## A DISAPPOINTED MAN

In the whole of the "Divine Comedy," Dante smiles but once. When in the sphere of the Fixed Stars, at the suggestion of Beatrice, he looked downwards, he smiled at the mean appearance of our globe, "the little threshing floor" he calls it, whose possession men so ferociously dispute. A similar smile is caused by Watts' picture. For the prospective, which Dante's position gave him, is furnished in the picture by the touch of Death. In the picture the artist has not painted a corpse. It is the effect on life, of the touch of death, which he has painted. Under its magic touch the things for which the man had so passionately striven appear now as they are, and they seem small. He is a disappointed man. For this reason, the artist has put faded tints on the once brilliant accessories.

The relics of the man's life, which are in the foreground, tells us who and what the man was. The ermine robe on the left indicates that he inherited a noble name. The laurel wreath on the right shows that he won fame, as well as inherited it. The spear, the gauntlet, and the golden shield, tell us that he won his fame in war.

The peacock feathers show his love of the pleasures of life and his taste for its decorations. The lute speaks of his musical tastes. The book says he was not a stranger to literature. The dark robe of the pilgrim with its cockle-shell, points to the fact that he had his mystic religious side, a presentiment that, after all, mere fame was hollow. He was a man of culture and success. There he lies on the bier, covered by the pearl-grey shroud, which is the largest and most conspicuous object on the canvas. It looms large and overshadows all his achievements.

He is now a disappointed man. The artist has indicated this in the position of the head. The face is not level in repose, but thrown back in question and eagerness. With head thrown back he is still craving and pursuing. He is not much in himself. He has nothing which can resist the solvent touch of death. Why is he disappointed? Why has he now only poverty? Why is he not at rest? It is because he lacks now what he lacked in life. Amid all the glorious symbols of his life there is no symbol of a cross. There is nothing to indicate that he was anything but a self-seeker, an Epicurean, not of the vulgar sort, but an Epicurean just the same. In life he had given little in service, and now he has little. "There was plenty of culture, but what of the cross? There is the crown of laurel. Where is the crown of thorns?"

With all the man's gifts and achievements he had not learned the Christian commonplace, that the pathway to peace and real riches, is the way of the cross. The word cross has acquired two distinct meanings which have become common. It has become the symbol of what Christ did for men, an expression of what is most precious in the spiritual life. As such it is a joy and inspiration. It is the sign of the gentleness of God. This meaning is expressed in Christian song.

"Beneath the cross of Jesus
I fain would take my stand,
The shadow of a mighty rock
Within a weary land."

The second meaning it has acquired is, that the cross is a test, a burden, a conflict, a somber thing, which one is asked to assume, but if assumed at all is done reluctantly. This also finds expression in Christian song.

"Thou say'st, 'Take up thy cross,
O man, and follow me;
The night is black, the feet are slake
Yet we would follow Thee.' "

There is a third meaning which Christianity has put into the word, but which is understood as yet only by the few, but destined in the future to be one of the chief facts

in Christian experience, symbolized by the cross. The fact referred to is, that every cross willingly borne is forthwith transmuted into joy; is, indeed, the only means of securing the joy which is the real riches. Goethe called Christianity the "deification of sorrow." But the great German never entered the New Testament's sanctuary of sorrow enough to understand its teaching, that sorrow and joy were not enemies, but friends; or to see that it emphasized sorrow only as a means of the truest joy. The New Testament is constantly speaking of tribulation and triumph; of suffering and the glory that follows. It weds the two ideas of cross-bearing and true joy, which Goethe, and the man in Watts' picture thought were incompatible, but which are, in fact, riveted together as cause and effect.

Watts' picture says that human experience verifies the New Testament teaching, for the man in the picture vindicates its truth by showing the effect of its absence in his life. The happy people in life are not such as he, but those who are crucified with Christ. This is a spiritual principle exemplified in human life every day and hour; a principle so vital and so apparent, that it is a matter of surprise that the number of men, like the one in Watts' picture, who do not see it, is so large. Jesus said that those that mourn are to be accounted happy, for by means of their cross-bearing they are made strong.

"When pain ends gain ends, too." The men least disappointed are the cross bearers.

Was Paul an anxious, depressed, unhappy man? Was he not exultantly glad in all that he endured? It is unexpected but not surprising, that the best hymns of hope and courage have been written by great sufferers, Baxter, Miss Elliott, Miss Havergal and Mrs. Browning. The latter in her poem, "The Musical Instrument," has told us why this is so. The great god Pan goes down to the river and rends and wounds the reeds and golden lilies. He tears out a reed from the deep cool bed of the river. He hacks and hews it, draws out its pith like the heart of a man, notches the poor dry empty thing with holes, and thus from it makes music. We may mourn for the reed that will grow nevermore with the reeds in the river, yet this is the only way since the world began, that sweet music can be made.

Everything which is noblest in human character has its roots in the mystery of pain. It is related of a famous naturalist that one day he was studying a cocoon, in which a butterfly was struggling to be free. He heard it beating against the sides of its little prison. His heart pitied the helpless creature, so with a tiny lancet he cut away the fragile walls and released the captive. To his amazement it lay struggling upon the table, and never was able to fly. In the place of the gorgeously colored wings he had

expected to see, were weak, shriveled members. The obstacle had been removed before the butterfly had been made sufficiently strong, through struggle, to be ready for its glorious flight into the sunshine among the flowers. The naturalist's act was mistaken kindness.

What Christianity did was not to deify sorrow or hardship as an end in itself, but it took this great natural law and extended its application to the spiritual world, and demonstrated that cross-bearing is God's minister to manhood. Its unique message is that life is glorious, not in spite of the crosses, but is glorious because of them. It is just as true in the spiritual world as it is in the natural world, that "all sunshine makes the desert." The heart of the man in the picture is a desert land because he had been pampered by too much sunshine. He lacks wings in his spiritual outfit, because he refused to use the means of their development. He who violates this natural law is certain to be a disappointed man. This is what Watts' picture says. If the man in the picture could now speak, he would say to his fellows what indeed Watts' picture of him does say,—

"Then welcome each rebuff,
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit, nor stand, but go;
Be our joys three-parts pain;
Strive and hold cheap the strain:
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the throe."

XIV

## Christ and The Fishermen

From a painting by Ernst Zimmermann

# XIV

## Interpretation

## They Who Trust us Educate us

"He needed not that any should bear witness concerning man, for He himself knew what was in man."

JOHN.

"Be noble! and the nobleness that lies
In other men, sleeping, but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own."

LOWELL.

"It is the merit and preservation of friendship, that it takes place on a level higher than the actual characters of the parties would seem to warrant."

THOREAU.

"Love is not blind. The nearer the intimacy, the more cuttingly do we feel the unworthiness of those we love. If you want a person's faults, go to those who love him. They will not tell you, but they know. And herein lies the magnanimous courage of love, that it endures this knowledge without change."

STEVENSON.

"At the call of love men and women constantly show themselves ready to re-fashion their lives, to part with habits as dear to them as their own flesh, to open their hearts to an entirely novel set of sensations, to adopt a kind of life, the very laws of which have been hitherto unknown to them. If you can create a noble attachment between a good man and a man far from good, that attachment will prove the salvation of the weaker man. He will learn to live his whole life with constant reference to the approval of his friend."

W. J. DAWSON.

## THEY WHO TRUST US EDUCATE US

When Dr. Arnold went to Rugby, he found on the walls of the schoolroom, placards containing certain prohibitions. He immediately removed them and said to the students, "Young gentlemen, I trust you. I expect you to be gentlemen." When he went to Rugby, lying was considered very good morals in the public schools. He always met a boy's assertion with the statement, "If you say so, that is enough for me; of course, I can take your word." The feeling was soon developed among the students, that it was a shame to tell Dr. Arnold a lie, because, said the boys, he always believes what you say. By trusting the boys, Dr. Arnold educated them out of lying into frankness. The tradition of the school was revolutionized.

Dr. Arnold's attitude toward his students illustrates a marked habit of Jesus. And Jesus' habit was never better illustrated than in the incident on the Sea of Galilee, which Zimmermann has embodied in his picture. It was after the great draft of fishes, and the disciples had recovered from their excitement and eaten together on the shore. The moment so simply and sincerely

represented in the picture is the moment, when, to Peter, "all dripping still, shivering, and amazed; and having had no word once changed with him by his Master since that look of His,"—to him, so amazed, comes the question, "Simon, lovest thou me?"

The artist has put a look of sadness into Peter's strong, earnest face, because he was hurt at Jesus' doubt of his love; a doubt suggested by the repetition of the question, and also by the change in the form of the question. There are two words for love in the New Testament. *Agape* means love without desire; love that is willing to suffer. *Philia* means a selfish love that looks for return. Jesus twice asked whether Peter loved him on the higher plane (Agape). Peter, remembering his recent denial, answered that he loved Him on the lower plane (Philia). He could go that far. Then Jesus changed the question, and asked whether he was sure he loved Him even on that lower plane (Philia).

Jesus had good reason to mistrust Peter. In spite of that, He put implicit confidence in him, and, as the picture represents Him, He tenderly clasped the rough brown hands of the old fisherman, while He entrusted to Him His great message to the world. Then He immediately predicted Peter's fidelity, and Peter proved true to the trust. Jesus always trusted men, and expected the best from them, not because He did not know men, but because

He did. He deliberately refused to look at what He did not like. In His best known sermon He did not say, cursed are the proud, the luxurious, the corrupt in heart; but blessed are the meek, the poor in spirit, the pure in heart. He assumed that such qualities existed and sought to educate them by trusting them.

This habit of Jesus is one of great educational value. George Matheson reminds us, that we learn our first lesson in morality, not from the good we do, but from the good we receive. We learn the beauty of justice, not by doing a just action, but by having a just action done to us. The attitude of others to us is our first great teacher. Sociologists tell us that expectation was the earliest form of law. Before any rule of action was formulated, the expectation of a decision in accordance with the community's sense of right, was the earliest legal code. The people's expectation of the best from their rulers and judges, educated the rulers into giving it.

Our trust in man's better nature, on the whole is not disappointed. The band of men on whom Jesus depended at first, were, all in all, no wiser or nobler, and not even including Judas, more worldly or cowardly than twelve average Christians to-day. His trust in them miscarried only in one out of twelve. Dr. Arnold's success was equally as great. For a good man to expect the best of

others is an invitation to them to stand on his plane. Most will accept it.

This principle succeeds with men, among whom its success might naturally be least expected. The head of a state reformatory once devised a unique method of trusting the men under his care. He drafted a "bond of trust," in quasi-legal form, neatly printed and with a large gold seal. He selected a few with the best record, and entrusted to them exceptional missions, without putting them under guard.

But who should sign the bond? Who should take the responsibility for their escape? As each bond was issued, the superintendent said, "It is no fiction which joins my name with yours. This plan is an experiment. If it fails, it will bring me under criticism. I must hold my assistant harmless, if you escape. No one can share the risk with you but myself. All I have to secure my reputation is your word of honor."

The "bond of trust" has been issued to forty men, who prize it beyond gold. It gives them the joy of being trusted, and the chance to play the man and the good citizen. Not one of the forty has broken his bond. Speaking of his success one day, the superintendent said, you remember that the Lord Jesus trusted the whole future of his gospel to twelve men. They all ran away once, and one of them never came back. He underwrites

our feeble efforts to do good. In the long run, His way succeeds. We are just trying to apply his method here as nearly as we can. Judge Ben B. Lindsey also has applied the same principle, with such notable success in his treatment of boys, that the wisdom of Jesus' method becomes daily more apparent.

The desire for goodness in human hearts is a plant, which, to grow, needs watering from the outside. Our trust in it is the irrigation which helps it break out into bloom. One of the best services a man can render his fellows is to irrigate this side of their nature by trusting it. One of the most subtle temptations of life is to regulate our dealings with others, not by our own conviction of the best thing to do, but by our opinion of the people with whom we deal. To treat small people on their own low plane is always a blunder. The wisest way is to fight meanness, not with meanness, but with goodness. We do not fight fire with fire; we fight it with water. To expect the best from others as Jesus did from Peter, even if it does not succeed in enabling them to meet our expectation, as it did with Peter, at least it supplies one of the strongest incentives for them to try to do so.

In Mrs. Alice Hegan Rice's book, "Lovey Mary," Mary says to Mrs. Wiggs, as they part, "I could never forget you all, wherever I went. I was awful mean, when I came to the Cabbage Patch. Somehow you all just

bluffed me into being better. I wasn't used to being bragged on, and it made me want to be good more than anything in the world."

XV

## St. Michael and the Dragon

From a painting by Guido Reni

## ST. MICHAEL AND THE DRAGON

### By Guido Reni

The original of this picture is in the Church of the Capuchins, Rome. The reproduction is from a photograph by Alinari, Florence. The dragon is a generally accepted emblem in art of the principle of evil. Michael, whose name means "like unto God," was looked on in Hebrew legend as the Captain-General of the heavenly host, and the guardian of souls. His attribute is sometimes the sword, as in this picture, and sometimes the scales, as in a poem by James Russell Lowell, called "St. Michael, the Weigher."

# XV

## Interpretation

## The Human Heart a Battle-Field

"I do not understand what I am working out in my life. For I do not practice what I have purposed; and I hate what I produce."

PAUL.

"In man there's failure, only since he left the lower and unconscious forms of life."

BROWNING.

"He that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city."

PROVERBS.

"When the fight begins within himself, a man's worth something.

BROWNING.

"No religion, so far as I know, has dwelt like Christianity with such profound earnestness on the bisection of man—on the distinction within him, vital to the very last degree, between the higher and the lower, heaven and hell."

MARK RUTHERFORD.

"Life is not a May-game, but a battle and a march, a warfare with principalities and powers. No idle promenade through fragrant orange groves and green flowery spaces, waited on by the choral muses and the rosy hours; it is a stern pilgrimage through the rough, burning, sandy solitudes, through regions of thick-ribbed ice."

CARLYLE.

"Ever since the Epistle to the Romans was written, it has become a Christian commonplace that, in all moral experience, I am divided against myself; inwardly identified with a superior call that beckons me; outwardly liable to take my lot with the inferior inclination that clings to me."

MARTINEAU

## THE HUMAN HEART A BATTLE-FIELD

Plato describes man as a creature who is like a charioteer driving two headstrong steeds. The names of the steeds are Appetite and Spirit. The name of the driver is Reason. This description is true to the universal moral experience of men. For the one supreme conflict of life arises from the effort to control these fiery horses, to make them work in harmony, and to adjust and subordinate them both to reason. Conflict with an outside foe is simple, but when the man is divided against himself, the warfare is complicated. The midnight struggle of Jean Val Jean in Hugo's "Les Miserables," over two proposed courses of action, made every other conflict of his life seem unimportant in comparison.

The conflict on the unseen battle-field of the heart is so universal and vital, that it is reflected in art and poetry and legend more than any other subject. It is hinted at in the Laocoon. It is represented in all pictures of the battle between St. George and the dragon, and St. Michael and the dragon. It is embodied in all legends of good and bad angels, contending for the possession of dead men. The most extensive use of the myth is in Goethe's "Faust,"

where celestial and infernal cohorts battle for Faust's immortal portion. It is the subject of all such stories as "Stevenson's "Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde;" a story that gained immense popularity, not only because it was a masterly work of dramatic art, but also and chiefly because it appealed to an experience universally known.

Of all the literature on the subject, the classic portrayal of this inner conflict is the seventh and eighth chapters of Paul's letter to the Romans, classic, not only because it vividly describes the conflict, but also because it states the cause of it, and points the way to victory in it. Paul describes it at once as his own and as a generic universal experience. So real is it to him, that he describes it as waged between two distinct and different characters. The lower nature is like a robber in a house, like a man lying in ambush ready to spring up and slay his better nature as he passes.

Guido Reni's picture makes vivid on canvas what Paul says in words, that the two sides of man's nature are an actual dual man, that these are distinctly at war with each other, and that through life it is an unsettled conflict. Not that a man does not grow better through the years, but the conflict may not grow less severe, for each stage of life has its own peculiar dangers. After years of moral victories the conflict may be just as severe, but the battle is fought on a different and a higher plane, that is

all. The conflict is not always vehement, for life is like an ocean voyage. To-day the sea is glass; to-morrow it is lashed into fury by a cyclone. But the possibility of storm is always present, as Paul so keenly felt.

The conflict is caused, Paul says, by the introduction into man's life of a good and a better law than he has known. It awakens his higher nature and gives him a vision of what he might become. Not that the appetites of the man, who has now become his lower nature, are bad in themselves, for no elemental appetite or passion in man is intrinsically bad. It is too seldom remembered that the body itself can never commit a sin, unless the will consents and the soul goads it on. The appetites are bad only when they refuse to be subordinate and to be driven by the charioteer, the new master who has come into the man's life.

Paul's thought, as a great writer points out, is that the drama of the Garden of Eden is repeated in the life of every child. His first state is that of innocence, having neither virtue nor vice. Very soon, obeying a natural impulse, he assays to do an injurious act. His mother checks him. He repeats it. She forbids him again, and at last taps his hand, not enough to hurt it, but just enough to enforce the law. Then a new look of wonder comes into baby's eyes, which the mother will never forget. It is the new, strange consciousness of a

higher law than his own impulse, which is dawning on baby's soul, a law which calls him to a higher life than that of a mere animal. In that moment begins a conflict between the natural man with his impulses, and the new law, which develops virtue out of innocence through strife, a conflict which will not end so long as life lasts.

The coming of the higher law into man's life produces the conflict, not only because it shows him what he might become, but also because for the first time it makes sin and failure to be possible. If there had been no law, there had been no sin. For sin is the perception of an absent good, and until we are made capable of desiring that good, its absence is no evil. There is no law in the pig against gluttony, and gluttony in the pig is no sin. The sin was occasioned by the higher life. If there is no higher life, there is no revolt against it, and if no revolt against it, then no sin. It is this double progress upward from innocence to virtue, or downward from innocence to sin, both made possible by the coming of the new law, which has led to confusion, and makes men either optimists or pessimists, according as they look on one or the other of the two results of the law.

Guido Reni's picture is not entirely free from this sense of confusion and discouragement. In the archangel's face there is a degree of pain, trouble, and disquiet at being brought into contact with sin, even for the purpose

of quelling it. The attitude which regrets the presence of the conflict and seeks to withdraw from it is very common. Rousseau expresses it in his dream of a return to the simplicity of nature. Emerson expresses it in his poem of the Sphinx. Hawthorne represents it in the character of the Faun, with his power to enjoy the warm, sensuous earthy side of nature, reveling in the merriment of woods and streams, with no conscience, no remorse, no burden on his heart. Even if it had been possible to remain in the state of innocence, before the vision of a higher life came to disturb our peace, it is not possible to do so now. Man cannot return to the Garden of Eden. The angel with a flaming sword ever stands ready to guard against a re-entrance. Man has seen the vision of something better than the Garden of Eden, and he can never forget that he has seen it.

The chief value of Guido Reni's picture is, that it represents the only sane attitude towards a battle, from which there is no escape, unless one is either a child or a volunteer prisoner of the enemy, and that is, to arm for the conflict and from it wrest a victory, as St. Michael has done. Plato and Paul agree as to the nature of the conflict and the attitude to be taken to it, but Plato was not sure of the victory, represented in Guido Reni's picture, as Paul was. For Paul's charioteer had an unseen companion, the Lord Christ, ever in the chariot with him,

who did most of the driving for him, and ever whispered to him instructions and words of cheer. The eighth chapter of Paul's letter is not a song of victory sung after the battle, but the description of a good soldier in the battle. It narrates what the good soldier in the battle learns from his unseen companion, by means of which he becomes victor. He learns that it is no sin to be in the fight. The only sin is not to fight. The fight itself is good. The wounds he receives will not dismay him, for he sees that the design of the conflict is to develop in his soul sinews of steel. Victory and wounds must needs go together. Neither is possible except as both are possible. He may make mistakes, but he is not sinful; he need have no remorse; he is under no condemnation, if only he is willing to fight on the right side. For "God measures men, not by their actions, but by their endeavors; not by what they are, but by what they are striving to become; not by the place they occupy, but by the direction in which they are moving."

In Dante's account of the contest between the good and bad angels over Buonconte, the bad angel was defeated, he says, through one little tear of penitence from the man. His willingness to assist the better nature in him turned the balance on that side. The one condition of victory which Paul and Guido Reni's picture insist upon is, that a man make an honest effort to help the better

nature in him to win, and both the picture and Paul predict victory to such honest effort.

"Honest work for the day,
Honest hope for the morrow,
Are these worth nothing
More than the hands they make weary,
The hearts they leave dreary?
Hush—the seven-fold Heavens
Repeat—He that overcometh
Shall all things inherit."

## XVI

## Ecce Homo

From a painting by Professor Antonio Ciseri

## "ECCE HOMO!"

By Antonio Ciseri

The foreground of this picture represents the entrance to Pilate's Praetorium, which was probably the summer palace of Herod, on the north side of Mount Zion, overlooking the temple enclosure. The Temple is seen in the background. The two buildings represent the two brutal forces, by the collision of which Jesus was destroyed. The Jewish priests and mob are on the outside. They would not enter the Praetorium, for they felt defiled by contact with Rome. They refused to plead in the hall of judgment. Pilate, in order to speak to them, had to go out, as the picture represents him as doing. On the right is Pilate's wife with troubled face, who, because of a dream, had sent word to her husband to have no part in the condemnation of the prisoner. The picture is in the National Gallery, Rome.

# XVI

## Interpretation

## An Unavoidable Question

"What then shall I do unto Jesus, who is called Christ?"

PILATE.

"The man faithful to principle is never cruel; the victim of expediency always is."

FAIRBAIRN.

"Pilate went out again and saith unto them, Behold, I bring him out to you, that ye may know that I find no crime in him. Jesus therefore came out wearing the crown of thorns, and the purple robe, And Pilate saith unto them, Behold the man!"

JOHN.

"What is Pilate? A Pilate is one of those courtly gentlemen, polished, tasteful, expert, who is not disturbed nor warped by convictions in over measure; who looks upon all moral qualities as a gambler looks upon cards, which he shuffles, and plays according to the exigency of his game,—and one just as easy as another. A Pilate is a man who believes in letting things have their own way. 'Do not sarcifice yourself. Do not get in the way of a movement. And, whatever comes, see that you come out uppermost. Preserve your balance. See that you keep your eye on the chances. If they go this way, you go with them far enough to reap them. If they go the other way, go with them. Do not be too scrupulous. Be just enough so to gain your ends. Use men, use events, use everything that is profitable. Do not use your conscience too much!' This is the language of the Pilates of our day. Those men who are polished, cold, calculating, speculating,—these are the Pirates,—the *Pilates*, I mean! It was a blunder of the lip, after all, it hit right."

BEECHER.

## AN UNAVOIDABLE QUESTION

Sometimes the names of historical events come to stand for spiritual facts. "Crossing the Rubicon" means an irrevocable decision, "Waterloo," an overwhelming defeat. The one represents the decisive event in the life of Cæsar, the other, in the life of Napoleon. In like manner, the question, "What then shall I do with Jesus?" stands for the central event in Pilate's life, and it has come to stand also for a spiritual fact. The real nature of Pilate's character was revealed, and his place in history fixed, by the answer he made to it. Professor Ciseri in his picture has, with clear insight, represented the most dramatic and critical moment in the tragedy of Christ's trial, and Pilate's part in it; the moment of Pilate's contest with the Jewish mob in his effort to do with Jesus, what he had the power to do, and what his wife requested him to do, and what he believed he ought to do, that is, refuse to be a party to His condemnation.

The question which Pilate asked the mob was simple and natural, and necessary to the narration of his attempt to escape responsibility. It was an appeal to the Jews' patriotism. "What shall I then do with Jesus, who is

called Christ; who is your King and Messiah?" It is evident that Pilate struggled hard to save Jesus, because he did not believe in his guilt; but believed he was the victim of unjust hate. The picture shows the cruel expedient he tried in this effort. It represents Pilate showing Jesus to the mob after he had been scourged and clad in the symbols of mock royality, bleeding and humiliated, as a spectacle which he thought, would be calculated to awaken pity and satisfy the mob's desire for revenge.

The picture appropriately emphasizes Pilate's act of appealing to the crowd. For by that appeal the control of events passed from his hands. He allowed the crowd to determine what he should do with Jesus. By his surrender to the mob, Pilate turned his back upon Jesus, and upon his clearly perceived duty as well. By washing his hands of responsibility, he had answered the very question he sought to avoid. His answer was fatal both to him and to the mob. With a just and divine irony, the crucifixion which the Jews demanded to be inflicted on Jesus, was inflicted on myriads of Jews during the siege of Jerusalem, and they were sold as slaves in great numbers for less than thirty pieces of silver.

More significant still is the fate of the individuals most prominent in the murder of Jesus. "Before the dread sacrifice was consummated, Judas died in the horrors of a loathsome suicide. Caiaphas was deposed the

year following. Herod died in infamy and exile. Pilate, wearied with misfortunes, died a suicide and in banishment, leaving behind him an execrated name. The house of Annas was destroyed a generation later, and his son was dragged through the streets and scourged to his place of murder." The tragic story is a parable in action. Because men who turn their backs on the truth, when they once see it, commit moral suicide.

Pilate's question, simple and natural at the first, gains new meaning in the light of his fruitless attempt to avoid what proved to be an unavoidable question. But the question is strangely pregnant with a deeper meaning than Pilate ever gave it. It has ceased to apply only to Pilate, and has come to represent a universal experience. W. J. Dawson suggests that every incident in the life of Jesus, and every phrase in its record, have become so familiar, because the life of Jesus is the most representative of all lives. It represents our hopes and inward struggles and the secret biography of our own spirits. Pilate's question is pregnant with meaning because it represents a universal spiritual experience. It is an unavoidable question for every man, because Jesus is the most unescapable character of history. Every path leads to Him. "Where love is, there is Christ. Where the poor are, there is the Divine poor man. So interwoven is His story with human thought that where childhood is, there is Bethle-

hem; where sorrow is, there is Gethsemane; where death is, there is Calvary." It is not possible to think of any salient aspect of human life without thinking of Him.

Pilate's question is unavoidable, not only because Jesus has interwoven Himself with the very fibers of human life, but also because He compels men to answer it and to take some moral attitude towards Him. Ciseri's picture is symbolic, as well as historical, for the man who looks at it, instinctively feels that he is standing in Pilate's place, and Jesus is standing before the bar of each man's private judgment and awaiting a verdict at his hands as he once awaited it at Pilate's. In Pilate's private interview with Jesus, before he brought Him out to the crowd, Pilate began to examine Jesus and soon found to his amazement that the rôles were changed between them, and that Jesus was examining him. This is a singular phenomenon in spiritual experience. One may study Plato and be intellectually inspired. One who studies Jesus, is spiritually disturbed. One may accept the teachings of Socrates without knowing or caring much about Socrates himself; one cannot study Jesus with moral neutrality. If one begins with the non-committal question, "What think ye of Christ?", he finds himself compelled to answer the practical moral question of Pilate. "What shall I then do with Him?"

This question once asked always has its answer.

Even the attempt to ignore it, is an answer as real as any other. For to do nothing with Jesus, or to do without Him, has its result. Its result is despair. The life of such a man as Carlyle is the result. To know the sin and not to know the sin Bearer, to know the burden and not to know the burden Bearer, to load one's heart with the burdens of men, is to live a life which may be sublime, but must be full of anguish. Carlyle confessed that to carry on one's conscience the sins of his age and his own imperfect life, makes life seared and stern. Pilate's question is in truth unavoidable, and Ciseri's picture is a vivid presentation of that fact. The picture centers attention on the chief point of Pilate's part in the tragedy, and makes his attempt to avoid his own question appear, what it in fact was, most pathetic.

XVII

## The Temptation in the Wilderness

From a painting by William Dyce, R. A.

## THE TEMPTATION IN THE WILDERNESS

By William Dyce

The original of this picture has been for thirty years in the private collection of the late James Henry Stock of White Hall, Tarperley, England. It was first reproduced in William Sanday's "Life of Christ." All other artists, Holbein, Durer, Scheffer and even Tissot, to a degree, in treating the temptation, make use of the conventional symbolism of Satan, which was prominent in the thought of the Middle Ages. This picture dispenses with all external machinery and represents the modern conception of the temptation in contrast to the ancient or mediaeval, and as such it is a truer presentation of the deep spiritual meaning of that event.

# XVII

## Interpretation

## Temptation as Opportunity

"Count it all joy when ye fall into manifold temptation."

JAMES.

"Lead us not into temptation."

JESUS.

" 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus, another thing to fall.' "

SHAKESPEARE.

"There hath no temptation taken you, but such as men can bear."

PAUL.

"Held, we fall to rise; are baffled to fight better; Sleep to wake."

BROWNING.

"It was my duty to have loved the highest:
It surely was my profit had I known:
It would have been my pleasure had I seen:
We needs must love the highest when we see it.

TENNYSON.

"On whatsoever lines the world may be framed, there must be *distinction*, *difference*, a higher and a lower; and the lower, relative to the higher, must always be an evil. The scale upon which the higher and lower both are, makes no difference. Perfectly uninterrupted, infinite light, without shadow, is a physical absurdity. I see a thing because it is lighted, but also because of the differences of light, or, in other words, because of shade, and without shade the universe would be objectless and in fact invisible. Mankind may be improved, and the improvement may be infinite and yet good and evil must exist."

MARK RUTHERFORD.

## TEMPTATION AS OPPORTUNITY

A man, said Frederick D. Maurice, must have great leisure or be very youthful, who would occupy himself in discussing the origin of evil. Temptation, however, to which evil subjects men, is a different question, a question with which all men must occupy themselves whether they wish to do so or not. To take some attitude towards it is an imperative necessity. It is because temptation is an unescapable experience, that the temptation of Jesus, as the representative man, is a subject of fascinating interest. Mr. Dyce's picture of Jesus' experience emphasizes a fact about temptation, not infrequently overlooked, but of great practical value to a problem manifestly perplexing.

Is Temptation a good or a bad element in life? James says it is a fact to be rejoiced over. Jesus, although he frequently illustrated its divine uses, nevertheless taught His disciples, in the model prayer, to ask that they might be delivered from it. Any picture of Jesus being tempted is a forceful reminder of the fact that temptation is a universal experience from which even He could not escape, much less others. The prayer, "Lead us not into temptation," has never yet been answered to the extent, that

any man is entirely free from it. This petition is immediately followed by a prayer for victory in temptation, which is thus assumed to be unescapable. What is universal need not be wholly good, but it may safely be said, that what is universal must have a good side to it. What is temptation's good side?

If temptation is not only universal, but good, as Jesus and James both believed, why pray to be kept from it? It is some answer to the question to notice that the Greek word translated "temptation" has in the New Testament two distinct meanings. It means trial or test. It also means solicitation to evil. The one Greek word has become two words in English, and needs both to adequately translate it. James evidently uses the word in the sense of trial. If Jesus used it in the sense of solicitation to evil, it is a strange prayer to ask God not to solicit us to evil, as if God could ever solicit men to evil! God can be said to tempt men only in the sense that He presents to them a moral crisis, in which there is possibility of failure.

If Jesus meant solicitation to evil, the prayer might mean that the material gifts, such as bread, and the spiritual gifts, such as forgiveness of sins, which are asked for in the preceding petition,—that these material and spiritual gifts may not become our temptation by leading us into selfishness. It is quite true that God's material

and spiritual gifts do present to men *real* temptations. It is a most needful and beautiful suggestion that men ought to pray that none of God's gifts may dull their consciences. This interpretation, however, is too subtle to be read into the otherwise simple and practical "Lord's Prayer."

Whenever we touch upon the question of evil we may expect to find in it the element of unsolved mystery. It is so here. The two meanings of the word "temptation" do not solve the puzzle; for, as a matter of fact, solicitation to evil is the form, which a man's trial does most frequently assume, and it certainly constitutes a large element in every man's testing, which Jesus says is a good thing. The fact that we have come to think of temptation chiefly as solicitation to evil, instead of the trial of a man's strength, is sufficient evidence of this statement.

The apparent contradiction between Jesus and James, is an illuminating contradiction. It emphasizes two sides of a question, both of which are true, although they may be opposite. This at least is clear. The prayer, "Lead us not into Temptation," expresses the natural shrinking from a contest which may have fatal results. This natural feeling must become a settled attitude, if a man is not to underrate his foe, or think the contest he faces is a May-day game. No wise man

underrates his enemy. To get good out of temptation, he must take this attitude; for the contest is beneficial in proportion as a man appreciates its intensity and its dangers. The prayer, "Lead us not into Temptation," means that possible fatal results are to be feared. It means, that whatever helpful use temptation may have, it is not a thing to be invited. Gunpowder has its uses, but the wise man does not keep barrels of it in his chimney corner.

While it is true that temptation is not to be invited, it is equally true that it is not to be avoided. The important distinction to be kept in mind is, that the possible fatal results of temptation are to be intelligently dreaded, but not the trial itself. The trial is wholly good. Only by such test is manhood developed. Soldiers are made by battle, not by dress parade. Until the will is solicited to evil, its fidelity to righteousness cannot be established. Only so can innocence be transformed into holiness, as Shakespeare has well illustrated in his "Measure for Measure." "Unbreathed Virtue," to use Milton's phrase, that is, virtue untried by temptation, is no virtue at all. It is not vice, but it is not virtue. This is why Jesus could not escape temptation. Dr. Dyce's picture represents a generic experience of Jesus, true of all other men.

The manifest purpose of temptation being to develop virtue in a man, the scene of such trial must of necessity

be in each man's heart. The distinct contribution which Dr. Dyce's picture makes is the emphasis which it lays upon this fact. No one was present with Jesus in His experience. He, himself, therefore must have reported it to His disciples. In His report He used the symbolic language of His day, because it would be understood. Dr. Dyce is the first artist, so far as I know, to record on canvas his conviction, that Jesus' language was purely conventional, and that no personal embodiment of evil was present with Him. The picture says that whether or not any personal devil was present with Jesus, is a question of secondary importance.

It is most significant that the principle of evil has been personified in the past either as an explanation of a difficult fact, or for purposes of literary art. That this is so is seen by looking at any of the classical portraits of Satan. In Job, he is represented as entirely submissive to God, but the enemy of man, working only on the outward events of men's lives. In Milton he is represented as rebellious, independent, self-sufficient, a ruined archangel, with so little emphasis on the ruined and so much on the archangel, that he becomes the real hero of Paradise Lost. In Dante's "Hell" he is represented as Lucifer, who is cruel and essentially contemptible, whom none could be tempted to admire. In Goethe's Faust, he is represented in Mephistopheles, cunning, subtle, intellec-

tual, able to make black appear white, presenting a case as plausible as that presented to Christ in the desert. Here are four studies in an attempt to explain a fact. They do not represent the fact itself. "Finding in their souls a wide background of grandeur and wretchedness, whence they sometimes heard a burst of distant harmonies, calling them to a higher life, soon to be overpowered by the clamors of the brute, our ancestors could not refrain from seeking the explanation of this duel. They found it in the conflict of the demons with God."

It is a great gain to truth when we are able to distinguish between the fact itself and the explanation of it. Men have dwelt on the explanation because the fact is of the utmost importance, and because they have never been quite willing to believe that man alone is responsible for all the moral disaster in human life. They have believed that an external principle of evil is partly responsible for it. But it is no real explanation of evil to refer it to the devil. To do so just traces it one step farther back and leaves it as much a mystery as before. The duel in man's heart remains just the same with or without our explanations. The point to be noted is, that whatever external factors there may or may not be in any man's temptation, the scene of the real conflict is always in each man's own heart. This is the ultimate fact in Christ's temptation, and in every other man's.

Dr. Dyce's picture does a real service by laying aside all mechanical externals and centering our attention on the fact itself.

The impressive feature of the picture is the loneliness of Jesus. The scene of the temptation, identified as a certain hill called "Quarantania," rising from the Judean plain, only serves to increase the sense of loneliness. "These scarred and frowning rocks, this bloomless waste, this gloomy illimitable plain" overwhelm the spirit. The element of loneliness is common to all temptation. Every man must enter it absolutely alone. As a young man on the threshold of His life-work, Jesus goes apart to fight out this battle alone. Lowell portrays Columbus on the verge of his discovery brooding apart from his crew.

> "If the chosen soul could never be alone
> In deep mid-silence, open-doored to God,
> No greatness ever had been dreamed or done;
> Among dull hearts a prophet never grew;
> The nurse of full-grown souls is solitude."

The picture represents Jesus seated upon a stone, with hands clasped, and an expression of intense thought on His face. The conflict is a real one to Him. A temptation by its very terms involves the risk of failure. If there were no possibility of Jesus' failure, then the story of

His temptation is a farce and an insincere fable. Jesus did nothing with design, or for show. The picture correctly represents Him agonizing in a struggle, the issue of which is not a foregone conclusion.

The question which constituted His temptation is one which He could have answered in either of two ways. It was His exceptional opportunity, His exceptional life-work and His exceptional endowments, which occasioned His temptation. It came from His desire to do right—but what means shall He use? Two paths stretched before Him. One, a straight road with no compromises, but rough and rugged that led to suffering and apparent defeat. The other, a broad, winding road that led to immediate victory. If He would only lower His standard a little, yield a little to the nation's prejudices and expectations, compromise with the priestly aristocracy, join forces with Cæsar, use force as Alexander and other conquerors had done, adopt the policy of expediency, He could reach His goal more easily.

The suggestion sounds plausible. If there were nothing plausible in this, it would not be a temptation. There is no temptation where there is no desire. This principle is self-evident and axiomatic. In a word, Jesus was tempted to follow a lower in the presence of a higher course,—"To take the lower for the higher good, the immediate for the final victory, the material for the

spiritual conquest." Whatever interpretation is given to the three forms in which the temptation of Jesus is described, this is the moral core of it. It is the generic element in His temptation. This is the heart of all temptation; it is a call to choose between a higher and a lower; and sin is just following the lower in the presence of the higher, doing that which is easy instead of that which is right.

If this is the essential nature of all temptation, then it follows that every temptation is an opportunity, for it is as much a call to the higher, as it is an allurement to the lower. Temptation is never mere solicitation to evil. No moral crisis ever allured a man to the evil, which does not at the same time invite him to the good. The picture of Jesus' temptation is the picture of His greatest opportunity and His greatest victory. It was His opportunity to choose the highest. His victory was that he chose the near defeat and the far success, rather than the near success and the far defeat.

In the spiritual history of man there is no more impressive scene than this. "The fate of a soul, of a career, of a service unparalleled, of a pouring out of love which has run like a tide over a sorrowful earth, was at stake." It was a crisis not only for Christ, but for all men. This is what makes the victory He won so significant. For this reason Milton finishes his "Paradise Regained" at

this point. The victory that Jesus won in His temptation is this:—that he was crowned king over Himself. In that victory all men may share, for every temptation presents to every other man the same opportunity. At the top of the "Mount of Struggle" Virgil said to Dante,—

"Expect no more, or word or sign from me;
Free and upright and sound is thy free will
And error were it not to do its bidding;
Thee o'er thyself I therefore crown and mitre."

Every temptation, every chance to use the will in choosing the highest is an opportunity to become king over one's self.

To regard temptation as opportunity furnishes the key to victory over it. Jesus met the solicitation to evil by an assertion of the supremacy of the spiritual over the material in "A ringing statement of one of those truths which shine like stars above the confusion of the world, 'Man shall not live by bread alone.' " If temptation is to be used to develop spiritual manhood, the method to be used is not to run away from it. To put one's self out of the world by running away from its dangers is one way of saving the soul, perhaps, but it is also the means of so starving the soul that it becomes hardly worth the saving. The secret of victory over solicitation to evil is never a frontal attack upon it, but an exercise of the

spiritual resources of one's own manhood, the development of which the temptation is designed to furnish.

Very beautifully does the old Greek story of the sirens illustrate the method of safety in all temptation. Both Ulysses and Orpheus passed the sirens: both escaped falling victims to the allurements of evil, but by very different means. When Ulysses realized that he was near the sirens, he had the ears of his sailors stopped, and caused himself to be bound to the mast. When he came within hearing of the siren-music, he was charmed with it and struggled to free himself, calling loudly to the sailors to release him. The sailors not hearing, were untempted, and they rowed him by. That is all one can say. "It was small credit to the character of Ulysses, though much to his prudential foresight." But when Orpheus came within hearing of the siren-music, he played so sweetly upon the instruments he had invented, that he triumphed over the temptation to leave the ship, as did also his comrades. Some external mechanical device may succeed in saving a man from defeat to-day, but such a victory can secure him no immunity to-morrow. The only safety is an internal refuge. The music Jesus made in His own heart by the choice of the highest, was His sure antidote to the siren song of evil.

It was Orpheus and not Ulysses, who so used the opportunity which temptation presented to him, as to

develop strength of manhood for the next experience. Every temptation may be either a tragedy or an opportunity. Every temptation sets the gate of sin ajar; every resistance opens the gate to purity and strength. The moment of a man's danger is always the moment of his possible victory; to turn away from the tempter is to open the gate of blessedness; therefore it is written that when Christ had resisted the tempter, on the instant angels ministered unto Him. It is only to the men who meet temptation as Jesus and Orpheus did, that angels minister. When the fight begins within himself a man's opportunity has come, the opportunity to acquire kingship over himself, and only when a man is king over himself is he worth something to the world. Every temptation squarely faced is an opportunity to make a new music, acquire a new power, win a new triumph.

"Why comes temptation, but for man to meet
And master and make crouch beneath his feet,
And so be pedestalled in triumph? Pray,
'Lead us into no such temptation, Lord!'
Yea, but, O Thou whose servants are the bold,
Lead such temptations by the head and hair,
Reluctant dragons, up to who dares fight,
That so he may do battle and have praise!"

XVIII

# The Angels' Kitchen

From a painting by Murillo

## THE ANGELS' KITCHEN

### By Murillo

This picture is one of a series of eleven scenes from the life of San Diego, with which Murillo decorated the walls of a Franciscan convent in Seville. It was taken from Seville by Marshal Soult, and acquired in 1858 by the Louvre at Paris, where it now is. The original is five feet eleven inches by fourteen feet nine inches. The picture contains Murillo's two well-known conceptions of angels. The tall ones he used as messengers dispatched to earth on active errands. The baby angels he regarded as the "multitude of the heavenly host," whose presence gives joy, and there is almost no religious picture by Murillo in which their sweet faces do not appear. It was story-telling pictures like this one, which helped to make Murillo the "people's painter" and an idol of his own generation.

# XVIII

## Interpretation

## The Commonplace Made Uncommon

"What God hath cleansed, make not thou common."

From Peter's Vision.

"All service is the same with God,
With God, whose puppets, best and worst,
Are we; there is no last nor first."

Browning.

"The best perfection of a religious man is to do common things in a perfect manner."

Bonaventura.

"Though ye have lien among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove, covered with silver and her feathers with yellow gold."

David.

"Your America is here or nowhere. The situation that has not its duty, its ideal, was never yet occupied by man. Yes, here in this poor, miserable, hampered, despicable actual, wherein even now thou standest, here or nowhere is thy ideal; work it out therefrom, and working, believe, live, be free."

Carlyle.

"What is the common process of love's enlargement? Take a human love; take what we generally term romantic love. What are the stages through which it is wont to pass? I think there are four. At first it is a hope—something to be realized to-morrow. Then it is a present possession, but reserved as yet only for garden hours when we are free from the bustle of the crowd. By and by its range is widened—it becomes a stimulus for the great duties of life; it comes out from the garden into the city; it nerves to do and to bear. At last it reaches its climax—it comes down to trifles. It glorifies the commonplace."

George Matheson.

## THE COMMONPLACE MADE UNCOMMON

Tennyson's "Locksley Hall" has always been loved. His "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After" was greeted with a storm of abuse, especially in America. That the two poems met such different receptions shows how prevalent is the disease, which the first poem fostered, and which the second poem sought to correct.

The young man of the first poem is inspired with a large ideal, but he is in the midst of petty and disheartening things which pain him. He cannot work out his ideal, while bound to these clogging and hateful experiences. The world has a few good people in it, but they are in the "foremost ranks of time," so he must get rid of the present with its social lies and its sickly forms. He is ashamed that he has ever loved so slight a thing as a flesh and blood woman who cannot understand him. He must get rid of the present, and go on knightly wanderings. He is not sure where to go, he is only sure that if he can get far enough away from where he now is, he will find his ideal, which is not to be caught in a commonplace way.

In the second poem, this youth, now an old man,

comes back to the home soil to learn, that from it the very best life grows. He has learned that the very best things from which to work out one's ideals are those very relationships he had once despised. The old squire had died the day before. He was here in time for the funeral. He pours his apology into the deaf ears.

> "Worthier soul was he than I am,
> Sound and honest rustic squire."

Leonard, the grandson of the new poem, is bidden to follow the example, not of himself, but of the old squire—

> "You, my Leonard, use and not abuse your day,
> Move among your people, know them,
> Follow, him who led the way,
> Strove for sixty widowed years
> To help his homelier brother men
> Served the poor and built the cottage
> Raised the school, and trained the men."

The second poem is the truly optimistic poem, for it expresses the belief that the commonplace has a value and a charm, that the present concrete world is not a thing to be run away from, but to be lived with, that if God is not here, it is not certain He is anywhere else.

Murillo's "Angels' Kitchen" is sufficiently described by saying that it is Tennyson's second "Locksley Hall" put upon canvas. The story Murillo uses to express the

same truth is simply and clearly portrayed. A name famous in the annals of Spain for two hundred years before Murillo's day was Diego, a man who was a lay brother in a Franciscan convent. He was the convent porter who prepared the frugal meals for the brotherhood, a plain man, but faithful in his daily tasks. He worked as Gareth worked in King Arthur's kitchen, who wrought

> "All kind of service with a noble ease
> That graced the lowliest act in doing it."

One day the story goes, a marvel befell him. When busy with his cooking, he is raised in a heavenly ecstasy, as the picture represents him, while angels fill the room and do his work. One of them goes to draw water, one attends to the meat, and a third is busy with mortar and pestle. Frolicsome baby angels are on the floor busy with the vegetables, and turning work into play. On the left of the picture three men enter a door and pause in astonishment. It ought not to be astonishing that an exalted motive is able to transform the most commonplace task and make it uncommon.

The error which Tennyson's poem and Murillo's picture seek to correct is the oldest and commonest of mistakes; the mistake of taking the great for the little and the little for the great; a theme which our poets and teachers have never ceased to write about

since the time when the Man of Nazareth touched such common things as stables and shepherds and work-benches with a new beauty and meaning, and made them the symbols of a new day for the world. When Thor went to Utgard, the land of the giants, according to the Norse legend, he was asked to take part in the games. They handed him a drinking-horn. It was a common feat, they said, to drink this at one draught. Fiercely did Thor drink, but hardly made an impression. "You are a weak child," they said, "can you lift that cat you see there?" Small as it seemed, Thor with all his strength only bent up the creature's back, but could not raise its feet off the ground. "You are no man," said the Utgard people. "This old woman here will wrestle with you." Heartily ashamed, Thor seized the haggard woman but could not throw her. Jotun, the chief, escorting Thor a little way as he left, said to him, "You are beaten, then, but do not be too much ashamed, for there was illusion in the games. The horn you tried to drink was the Sea. You did make it ebb more than anyone else. The Cat you would have lifted is the Great-World-Serpent. And the old woman is Time, Old-Age. With her who can wrestle?"

This is a legend's picturesque way of expressing the simple truth that a deception usually blinds men's eyes to the real significance of commonplace tasks. Most men

see their significance, as Thor did, when they get some distance away from them. At the time of the Crimean War the two generals, Lord Raglan and General Todleben, who commanded the opposing forces, loomed large in the world's eye, but to-day their names sound strangely unfamiliar, whilst that of Florence Nightingale is a household word. The perspective which distance gives has given the true value to Florence Nightingale and her commonplace work of giving cups of water to dying soldiers.

The greatness of Florence Nightingale and San Diego lies in the fact, that they saw the charm of the commonplace while they were close to it. If the illusion, that hangs over the commonplace, is ever pierced it can be done only by working, as they worked, from a high motive; by believing, as they believed, that the appointed task is worth while; by seeing, as they saw, that it is not what one does, but the way one does it, that counts most; by learning, as they learned, that "messages from God are not to be read through the envelope in which they are enclosed." Antonio Stradivarius, sitting at his bench day after day in the little Italian town, Cremona, making violins, seems commonplace employment; but his violins have immortalized their maker's name, because he worked under the spell of a vision which he said daily whispered in his ear, "God could not make Antonio

Stradivarius' violins without Antonio." This conviction not only made his work enduring, but also robbed it of the commonplace, even while he did it.

The truth embodied in Murillo's picture is commonplace enough, but it is vital to any true living. To the mind of Jonathan Edwards the very essence of true religion was the recognition of great things as great, and small things as small, and acting on that knowledge. The truth embodied in Murillo's picture is the truth expressed in the wise saying of Edmund Burke,—"If you want to go anywhere, you have to start from where you are."

XIX

## Christ Bound to the Column

From a painting by Il Sodoma (Brazzi)

## CHRIST BOUND TO THE COLUMN

### By Il Sodoma

This picture is Sodoma's masterpiece. It was originally part of a larger fresco in the cloister of San Francesco at Siena. The fresco represented the "Judgment of Pilate," in which was seen the Hebrew judicial court, with Pilate surrounded by a number of angry Jews, and at one side the figure of the bound and buffeted Christ. The painting suffered so much from the damp that, in 1842, the figure of Christ was sawed away from the wall and taken to the public gallery, where it now is. It is four feet seven inches high by three feet four inches wide. From the standpoint of art it is notable for the combination of the perfect technique of Greek art with the new sense of spiritual intensity.

# XIX

## Interpretation

## The Invulnerable Man

"Then the soldiers took Jesus into the palace and gathered unto him the whole cohort. And they stripped him and put on a scarlet robe. They plaited a crown of thorns and put it upon his head, and a reed in his right hand; and they spat upon him, and took the reed and smote him on the head."

MATTHEW.

"In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer. I have overcome the world."

JESUS.

"After all, the kind of world one carries about in one's self is the important thing, and the world outside takes all its grace, color, and value from that."

LOWELL.

"Therefore, great heart, bear up! Thou art but the type
Of what all lofty spirits endure, that fain
Would win men back to strength and peace through love;
Each hath his lonely peak, and on each heart
Envy or scorn or hatred, tears lifelong
With vulture beak; yet the high soul is left"

LOWELL.

"Begin the morning by saying to thyself, I shall meet with the busybody, the ungrateful, arrogant, deceitful, envious, unsocial; all these happen to them by reason of their ignorance of what is good and evil. But I who have seen the nature of the good, that it is beautiful, and of the bad, that it is ugly, and the nature of him who does wrong, that it is akin to me, not only of the same blood, but that it participates in the same intelligence and the same portion of the divinity, I can neither be injured by any of them, for no one can fix on me what is ugly, nor can I be angry with my kinsman nor hate him."

MARCUS AURELIUS.

# THE INVULNERABLE MAN

Among the most pathetic facts of life is the fact that superiority of any kind, and especially moral excellence, exasperates others and provokes their envy. "Mine heritage is unto me as a speckled bird; the birds round about are against her." The bird adorned with color, for that reason, invites attack from the others. To be hated, persecuted, misunderstood, while they live; to be praised, remembered, worshiped, after they die, has not been an uncommon fate for great men. Socrates was the first citizen of Athens, yet his fellow citizens put him to death. Dante, the father of Italian literature, will keep green the memory of Florence wherever books are known, yet he died in exile from his native city, which banished the living Dante, and then begged for his dead body. Joseph is typical of a long list of men through the centuries, who have duplicated his experience. "Joseph is a fruitful bough, a fruitful bough by a fountain; his branches run over the wall. The archers have sorely grieved him, and shot at him and persecuted him."

Jesus was no stranger to this experience, but rather its best illustration. He deserved the crown of a king.

He received the crown of thorns. To deserve the best and to receive the worst at the hands of one's fellows, is calculated to create a doubt of the very foundations on which the world is built. Therefore, it is an achievement of the deepest significance, if a man, in the face of this experience, can still believe that goodness and not blind chance is at the heart of things. Burne-Jones wrote on his mosaic of "Christ on the Tree of Life" his favorite text in the words of the vulgate, "*In mundo pressuram habebitis, sed confidite; ego vici mundum.*" This seemed to him to express the burden and pressure of life, and it summed up for him the heart of the Christian faith,—"I have overcome the world with its pressure." Burne-Jones saw clearly that, if Jesus made that word good, then He is the Christ. Since the time that Jesus prayed for His murderers, the world has not been nor can ever be the same world.

It is this notable achievement of Jesus, which Sodoma's picture embodies and makes more real than a multitude of words could do. The picture represents Jesus clean forspent with weariness and shame at the cruel and inhuman treatment He received from the soldiers. It is inexpressibly pathetic. So weary and utterly worn out with agony is the master, that His lips have fallen apart from mere exhaustion, and He is kept from sinking down upon the ground only by the cords that bind Him. Great

drops of blood are on the brow, where the thorny crown has been pressed. The intellectual suffering is even more apparent than the physical. The chief effect produced by the picture on the mind of Hawthorne was the sense of loneliness. It is the universal sorrow that all prophets feel. To the oriental mind, premature sickness and the miscarriage of justice were the two classic forms of individual suffering. It is for this reason that Isaiah, in his matchless picture of the Great Sufferer, represents him interchangeably, now as a sick man, and now as a convict. Both of these elements are well embodied in Sodoma's picture, which represents the hero tortured with a sense of unjust treatment and suffering from premature physical weariness, which made him seem to the Jews a man fifty years old, when in fact he had only turned thirty.

The point in the picture to be noted is, that in spite of the physical and mental suffering, the artist, in some wonderful way, has succeeded in representing Jesus not as an object of pity, but as master of Himself. Even in this extremity, fainting and bleeding, He is seen still to be the King. From His tortured face the high soul is made to shine forth with serene beauty and courage. While a mob clamors with clenched fists for this blood "Christ stood unmoved, as the sunlit mountain top, by the storm that beats upon its base." Only the outposts of His life

were captured; the citadel remained intact. His heart was fed by a secret stream of oil, like the fire in Bunyan's House of the Interpreter. The man who has such an internal resource, which a Hebrew poet called "the secret place of the Most High," is invulnerable. This is the fact for which Sodoma's picture stands.

Such a triumph over evil can be achieved only by the method adopted by Jesus, that is, by transcending the evil. George Matheson thinks, and rightly so, that the net is spread in vain in the sight of any bird, not because of the bird's superior wisdom, but because of its method. Its method is flight. It escapes entanglement, not by flying through the net, but by taking the road through the upper air. The method of the wing is the only way to transcend the nets of evil and calamity. With this method in mind the puzzling statement of the poet in the ninety-first Psalm becomes clear, "Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night, nor for the arrow that flieth by day, nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; a thousand shall fall by thy side, but it shall not come nigh thee." Does the poet mean to say that piety is a protection against small-pox? That pestilence and destruction do not enter the homes of the good as well as those of the bad? No, he means to say that the man who lives in the secret place of the most High is an invulnerable man, that the city of his mind has not been

invaded, that the real man remains undaunted. His life is like the picture of a cottage on a sea-coast, during a storm. "The mountains come down behind it and the storm breaks overhead. The waves are thundering on the shore, the trees groaning and sighing in the wilderness around, the rains descending and beating upon the windows, while all the convulsions,—the darkness, the midnight, the waves, the tempests and the scowling sky—make the brightness of the heart more bright and the burning fire more pleasant and the happy circle around it more blissful." Sodoma represents the inside of Jesus' life to be like the inside of this cottage. That is why He was invulnerable.

The truth embodied in the picture makes apparent the philosophy of all true courage. Physical suffering borne with calmness was constantly represented by Greek artists. It was stoical indifference to pain. In Sodoma's picture we have something very different. The great merit of his artistic achievement is the combination of agonizing susceptibility to pain and serene triumph over it. This is true courage. Indeed there can be no true courage without fear. It is, of course, possible for a man to be without fear, who has no secret source of strength to overcome it, as Jesus had. In "Old Mortality," for example, when Bothwell is slain by Balfour of Burley—"Die! wretch! die! cried the convenanter,

die like the beasts that perish, hoping nothing, believing nothing,—and fearing nothing," replied the dying man. This was a coarse-fibered defiance of fate, but it was not courage. To be conscious of the danger and fear the pain, and notwithstanding the fear, to face the danger, that is courage. "Heroism is not the absence of fear, but the conquest of it."

Such triumph and courage come only when a man's spirit, like that of Jesus, is God-sheltered. The only way to be immune against dangers and vexations is to transscend them, is to live on the top floor, as Henry Drummond loved to put it. To be inspired by a divine enthusiasm makes a man invulnerable against the wounds of outward calamity. He is like the boy who brought the message to Napoleon. Dying of wounds received while planting the flag over the market-place at Ratisbon, the soldier, nevertheless, riding at full speed, succeeds in reaching the Emperor.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace
"We've got you Ratisbon!
"The 'marshal's' in the market-place,
"And you'll be there anon."

Borne up and absorbed by the passion of his heart, he is impervious and superior even to death wounds.

"The chief's eye flashed; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother-eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes:
'You're wounded!' 'Nay,' the soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said:
'I'm killed, Sire!' and his chief beside
Smiling, the boy fell dead."

XX

## Destiny and Humanity

From a painting by Jef. Leempoels

## DESTINY AND HUMANITY

### By Jef. Leempoels

Few modern paintings have attracted so much attention as "Le Destin et l' Humanité." It has been exhibited in Munich, Brussels, Vienna and Paris. It was the most talked of picture at the St. Louis Exposition in 1904 where the international committee awarded it a special gold medal. It has appealed to professional artists. A great European painter said that the history of painting would have lost something if this picture had never been painted. It has equally appealed to people with no technical knowledge of art. The people at St. Louis called it "The Hands," and it has since been popularly known by this name. Mr. Leempoels was one year and a half painting it, finishing it in 1894. Each hand was painted from a separate model. The picture is three feet eleven inches high by three feet two inches wide. It is still in the possession of the artist at his studio in New York. It is reproduced here by the special permission of Mr. Leempoels.

# XX

## Interpretation

## The Inspiration of the Imperfect

"Every attainment is only a camp for the night."

MARKHAM.

"Not that I have already obtained or am already made perfect, but I press on toward the upward calling of God."

PAUL.

"A man's reach should exceed his grasp or what's a heaven for?"

BROWNING.

"Better have failed in the high aim, as I,
Than vulgarly in the low aim succeed."

BROWNING.

"That low man seeks a little thing to do,
Sees it and does it:
This high man, with a great thing to pursue,
Dies ere he knows it."

BROWNING.

"Then life is,—to wake, not sleep
Rise and not rest, but press
From earth's level where blindly creep
Things perfected, more or less
To the heaven's height, far and steep."

BROWNING.

"O heavenly power of human wishes!
For as wings to birds, and as fins to fishes,
Are a man's desires to the soul of a man,
'Tis by these and by these alone, it can
Wander at will through its native sphere,
Where the beauty that's far is the bliss that is near."

OWEN MEREDITH.

## THE INSPIRATION OF THE IMPERFECT

Shelley, shortly before he died, had a curious dream, in which he saw his spectral self coming toward his conscious self. It lifted the hood from the brow and said to the conscious self—"Art thou satisfied?" "Art thou satisfied?" All normal men have had the same dream. Unfulfilled longing is a human characteristic. In every human eye there is a look of expectancy. Novalis once began to write the story of man's search for perfection and happiness. The first book he called "Expectancy." The second book he called "Fulfillment," but in the middle of the second volume he laid down his pen, and never finished it. Dr. Van Dyke, who has recently called attention to it, has himself added a chapter to the book in his "Blue Flower," but the book is still incomplete and must remain so, until man arrives at the point of fulfilled desire.

It is this fact, universally true, of man's yearning and searching after something he does not now have, which is embodied in Leempoel's picture, "The Hands," a truth which, so far as I am aware, has never been represented in any other picture. In the center of the

picture two red-gloved hands hold aloft the crozier and crucifix, a white-gloved hand holds the scepter, symbols of the church and state, the two institutions among men, through which they are best working out their desires and which represent their best ideals. Around these are grouped all kinds of uplifted hands, reaching out for something they desire but have not. There are the weather-beaten hands of the toiler, and the delicately-shaped fingers of refined women. Sick hands hold up a box of jewels, a gift freely offered for lost health. Manacled hands reach out for freedom. One hand is putting on another a wedding ring, thinking in wedded love to find the desired goal. A veiled hand of mourning is pleading for comfort.

On the left side of the picture are Buddha, Vishnu, and the imaged gods of Egypt, with palms and smoke of incense, symbols of an aspiration, however faint or blind, for human betterment. On the picture's right are the hands which represent the destructive forces of human society. The hands of the assassin hold high the hatchet, revolver and knife. They, too, lift asking hands to Fate. They, too, aspire, but aspire negatively, hoping to reach their goal by pulling down, rather than building up. The tragedy of man's search for his desired good, does not lie in the fact that his search is never wholly successful, but in the fact that many do not know what

they ought to seek. By the striking symbol of uplifted hands the picture embodies the universal truth that in every human heart is an illimitable longing, never satisfied, and that every man searches unceasingly for something he never possesses.

The artist has represented Fate, or Destiny, or the Over-Heart, or God, in the mysterious face, which looks out of the picture, as from the center of a sun, a face conscious of man's striving; a face burdened and seamed by the knowledge of his unsatisfied yearning, but still inscrutable. The eyes are piercing, but neither soft nor stern. Carlyle asks why does the Over-Heart "answer never a word?" The picture does not say that Destiny makes no answer at all, for the sunlight falls on the central group of uplifted hands, but the answer is not complete enough to prevent the hands from still pleading. It seems to be the clear intention that men should not now reach their goal. "There is indeed one element in human destiny," says Stevenson, "that not blindness itself can controvert. Whatever else we are intended to do, we are not intended to succeed. Failure is the fate allotted."

Jesus presented to His followers an unattainable ideal; "Be ye perfect as your Father in Heaven is perfect." When Wu Ting Fang was in America he criticised Christianity by comparing it with Confucianism. In his judgment it was an advantage that the ideals of Confu-

cianism were human attainments. But Christianity, he thought, made the stupendous blunder of presenting to men an impracticable ideal. So far as the fact itself is concerned, Wu Ting Fang saw clearly what is the fundamental distinction between the Christian view of life and every other view. Christianity spoiled the peace of the world by causing men to aspire for the unattainable.

To rule human life, not by what is easy of attainment, but by what is impossible of attainment, is not only not a stupendous blunder, but the highest wisdom. For whenever a man is satisfied with any achievement, he makes that achievement his ideal for the future, and never goes beyond it. His ideal has dwindled down to the measure of his present power to perform. It was this danger of which Mazzini was thinking when he said—"The morrow of victory is more perilous than its eve." To reach one's ideal is a personal calamity. It ought to be too high for attainment.

Every true man leads a pilgrim life. "As a pilgrim," said Dante, "who goes along a path where he never journeyed before, may believe every house that he sees in the distance to be his inn, and, not finding it to be so, may direct his belief to the next, and so travel on from house to house until he reach the inn, even so our Soul, as soon as it enters the untrodden path of this life, directs its eyes to its supreme good, the sum of its day's

travel to good; and therefore whatever thing it sees, which seems to have in itself some goodness, it thinks to be its supreme good. And because its knowledge at first is imperfect, owing to want of experience and want of instruction, good things that are but little appear great to it; and therefore in the first place it begins to desire those. So we see little children desire above all things an apple; and then, growing older, they desire a little bird, and then, being older, desire a beautiful garment; and then a horse, and then a wife, and then moderate wealth, and then greater wealth, and then still more. And this happens because in none of these things is found that for which search is made, and as we live on, we seek further."

"Though I do my best I shall scarce suceed.
But what if I fail of my purpose here?
It is but to keep the nerves at strain,
To dry one's eyes and laugh at a fall,
And baffled, get up and begin again,—
So the chase takes up one's life, that's all."

Men are intended always to fail, in order that their nerves might be kept at strain in their pursuit of the best, which is ever just beyond them. Paul said the mark he set himself was the prize of the upward calling of God. The call was a continuous process. His goal was never stationary. The best man, be he even a Paul, finds him-

self always a failure, for when he thinks he has reached his goal, he discovers that it is not there, but has moved just ahead of him, beckoning him ever upward and on. This is the great truth of Leempoel's picture. Unique as is the impression which the hands make on one, and haunting as is the face, a face never to be forgotten; yet when one looks at the picture as a whole the thing, which stands out chiefly; the thing which constitutes the eye of the picture, is the radiant light on the distant horizon, placed there by design, far away from where men are lifting unavailing hands, in order to allure them from where they now are and encourage them to press on.

To place before men an unattainable ideal is not a legitimate cause for discouragement, but the very opposite. It is the greatest inspiration for noble effort. In the Christian view, not failure but low aim is crime. Paul says, "I am glad I am a failure, glad I have not reached the end of my ideals, glad the best is yet before me."

> "For thence—a paradox
> Which comforts while it mocks,—
> Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail:
> What I aspired to be
> And was not, comforts me."

The desire to be what one is not, brings comfort, because it inspires. Whatever temporary expression has

been given to the hope of a millennium, the inspiration of it in all noble hearts is their inability to concur in the present condition of things. Healthy discontent with things as they are, breeds hope of better things and inspires the effort to work for them. "So many promising youths," said Emerson, "but never a perfect man," not because the man did not do well, but because the youth's promise was too large for the man's peformance. Does man's inability to express his love show what a poor, weak thing love is? It shows just the opposite. It is not love's poverty but love's riches, that make it incapable of perfect expression. The greater the passion of love, the greater is the failure to express it.

This is the inspiration of the imperfect. A man's success is not to be measured by his achievement, but by his striving, even his unsuccessful striving. Robert E. Speer says that hundreds of men in India write their names, "Failed, B. A." "Failed, M. A." That means they tried for the degree of Bachelor, or Master of Arts, but did not get it. They count it an honor, however, even to have honestly tried. Failure is never a disgrace, if it be faithful failure. The fitting epitaph for such men was once written by Stevenson—"Here lies one who meant well, tried a little, failed much—an epitaph," he adds, "of which no man need be ashamed." He need not be ashamed, because such failure is due to the

fact that he has the desire of an angel, but only the strength of a man. To have had desires of such proportions, that there is neither time nor room here to fulfil them, is itself a pledge of their immortality and their ultimate fulfillment.

"The high that proved too high,
The heroic for earth too hard,
Are music sent up to God
By the lover and the bard;
Enough that he heard it once
We shall hear it by and by."

# Index

# INDEX


A

"*Angels' Kitchen*"
picture of, 253.
interpretation of, 257.
Angelo's "Last Judgment," 140.
Appreciation, principle of, 89.
Apple blossoms, color of, 22.
Arnold of Rugby, 201.
Art, an interpreter, 19.
Art and religion, 29.
Art does not preach, 26.
"Art for art's sake," 23, 28.
Art is prophetic, 24.
Art, the use of, 21, 22.
Atonement, Day of, 121.
Aurelius, Marcus, 268.

B

Beauty, a moral necessity, 24, 25.
Beauty, universal love of, 25.
Beecher, Henry Ward, 226.
Bible, the, why called eternal literature, 30.
Bond of trust, a, 204.
Bonaventura, 256.
Browning, Mrs. E. B., 193
Browning, Robert, 22, 36, 48, 49, 88, 96, 99, 120, 141, 155, 194, 212, 238, 250, 256, 275, 282, 287, 288, 290.
Bunyan, John, 39, 272.
Burke, Edmund, 262.
Burne-Jones, 270.
Burns, Robert, 72, 100, 162, 164.
Bushnell, Horace, 134.

C

Carlyle, Thomas, 134, 162, 212, 256, 285.
Carlyle's confession, 231.
Character not transferable, 50.
"*Christ in Gethsemane*"
picture of, 171.
interpretation of, 175.
"*Christ bound to the column*"
picture of, 265.
interpretation of, 269.
"*Christ and the Fishermen*"
picture of, 197.
interpretation of, 201.
Christians, Chinese, 91.
Christianity's high ideal, 286.
Church, a patron of art, 16.
Coleridge, Samuel Taylor, 18.
Commonplace made uncommon, the 257.
Confucianism, 285.
"Coniston," Churchill's, 86.
Conflicts, cause of, 215.
Courage, Greek and Christian, 273.
Critical moment, the real, 52.
"Crossing the Rubicon," 49, 227.

Cross, meanings of the, 191, 192.
Culture and the cross, 190.

D

Dante, 96, 120, 148, 189, 218, 248, 286.
Dante and Beatrice, 113.
Dante's one Smile, 189.
"*David and Saul*"
picture of, 93.
interpretation of, 95.
Dawson, Dr. J. W., 200.
Death, an advantage, 112.
Death, a mere incident, 149.
Death, as a private tutor, 109.
"*Death staying hand of sculptor*"
picture of, 145.
interpretation of, 149.
symbolism of, 151.
Death, why woman is symbol of, 153.
Death, why Bible never associates prophets with, 154.
Deliverance through love, 85.
"*Destiny and Humanity*"
picture of, 279.
interpretation of 281.
Dickens, Charles, 41.
"Dream of Gerontius," 179.
Dreams, the use of, 135.
Jacob's, 137, 139
warning of, 136.
Bible's use of, sane, 131
"Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde," 214.

E

"*Ecce Homo*"
picture of, 223.
interpretation of, 225.
Edwards, Jonathan, 262.
Emerson, Ralph Waldo, 289.
Emerson's "Sphinx," 217.
Emerson and Longfellow, 101.
Enemy of himself, an, 121.
Energy of position, 65.
Envy, fruit of, 269.
Epictetus, 60.
Epicurean apathy, 166.
Expectation, as a law, 203.
Eyes of the heart, 63.

F

Face, the language of the, 97.
Failure, the value of, 286.
Fairbairn, Dr. A. M., 174, 176, 226.
Faith in human nature, 203.
"Finding Christ in the Temple," 22.
Fiske, John, 153.
Forgiveness, object of, 126.
something better than, 126.
problem of, 177.
Fox, George, 76.
Forsyth, Principal, 14, 108.
Franklin, Benjamin, 148.

G

Goethe, J. W. Von, 163, 192.
Goethe's "Faust," 213
Great men, fate of, 269.

H

Hall, G. Stanley, 8, 28.
Happiness, a by-product, 163.
Happy men, who are the, 193.
Hawthorne, Nathaniel, 217.
Hero, loneliness of a, 178.
Heroism of Jesus, the, 175.

Holy Grail, the, 61.
"*Hope*"
picture of, 33.
interpretation of, 37.
indestructible, 37.
its function, 38.
Hugo, Victor, 77, 100, 148 155, 213.
Hume, David, 36.
Human heart, a battle-field, 213.
Hunt, Holman, 22.
Hyde, William DeWitt, 167.

I

"In Memoriam," Tennyson's, 150.
Inspiration of the imperfect, 283.
"Incident of the French Camp," 274.

J

"*Jacob's Ladder*"
picture of, 131.
interpretation of, 133.
James, William, 188.
Jesus, a disturber, 230.
Jesus, facing death, 175.
Jesus, temptation of, 245.
Job, 134.
Job's comfort, 151.
Johnson's "Rasselas," 165.
Judges, English, 77.
Judgment, limited, 76.

L

Lanier, Sidney, 174.
"La Saisiaz," Browning's, 150.
"Legend of Jubal," the, 112.
"Letter to the Romans," the, 214.
"Lewis Rand," Johnston's, 88.
Lindsey, Judge, 205.
"Locksley Hall," Tennyson's, 257.
Logic of the heart, the, 154.
"*Love and Death*"
picture of, 105.
interpretation of, 107.
origin of picture, 110.
Love, creative power of, 88.
is not blind, 89.
vicarious, 99.
Love, the sin against, 125.
Love, two Greek words for, 202.
Lowell, James Russell, 53, 110.

M

Machiavelli, 41.
"*Magdalene, The*"
picture of, 79.
interpretation of, 83.
Man, the invulnerable, 269.
Man, a disappointed, 189.
Markham, Edwin, 188, 282.
Martineau, James, 25, 108, 212.
Marys, the two, 85, 86.
Maurice, F. D., 239.
Matheson, George, 72, 203, 256, 272.
Mazzini, 286.
Meredith, Owen, 220, 282.
Milmore, Martin, 145.
Milton, John, 243, 247.
Miser, the, 166.
"Moly," the flower, 66.
"Musical instruments," 193.
Mystery, a comfort, 151.

N

Nightingale, Florence, 261.
Norse legend, a, 260.

Novalis, 283.
Noyes, 10.

O

Omar Khayyam, 120, 164.

P

Painting, different from a photograph, 18.
Pastime, meaning of, 164.
Pericles, 149.
Philemon, Paul's letter to, 25.
Pictures, need of the best, 17.
Pictures, time savers, 15.
Pictures, two elements in, 18.
Pilate, his fate, 229.
his character, 226.
Plato, 213.
Plato's good juror. 63.
Poetry, Greek, 109.
Pope, Alexander, 36.
Punishment, a novelist's view of, 124.
"*Pursuit of Pleasure*"
picture of, 159.
interpretation of, 163.

R

"Ratisbon," 274.
Religion of to-morrow morning, the, 37.
Rembrandt, two portraits of, 123.
Rice, Mrs. Alice Hegan, 205.
Riley, James Whitcomb, 163.
Rivers of the Inferno, the, 189.
Robertson, F. D., 174.
"*Ruins, The*"
picture of, 67.
interpretation of, 71.
Ruskin, John, 148, 180, 188.
Rutherford, Mark, 25, 86, 162, 212, 238.

S

San Diego, 259.
Satan, portraits of, 243.
the use of, 244.
"Saul," Browning's, 98.
"*Scapegoat, The*"
picture of, 117.
interpretation of 119.
only one of its kind, 116.
symbolism of, 122.
Sermon on the Mount, the, 203.
Shakespeare, William, 238, 242.
Shelley, 283.
"*Sic Transit Gloria Mundi*"
picture of, 185.
interpretation of, 189.
"*Sir Galahad*"
picture of, 57.
interpretation of 61.
"*St. Michael and the Dragon*"
picture of, 209.
interpretation of, 211.
Stevenson, Robert Louis, 200, 285.
Stradivarius, Antonio, 261.
Sympathy, the measure of, 73.
an act of imagination, 75.

T

"*Temptation in the wilderness*"
picture of, 235.
interpretation of, 237.
Temptation as opportunity, 239.
Temptation, meanings of, 240.
Temptation, the use of, 248.
Tennyson, 20, 48, 60, 127, 257.

They who trust us educate us, 201.
Thoreau, Henry David, 200.
Tissot, James, 73.

U

Ulysses and Orpheus, 249.
Unavoidable question, an, 227.

V

VanDyke's "Blue Flower," 283

W

Watts, George F., 30.
Webster's Reply to Hayne, 52.
Whittier, John G., 84.
"*Wise and Foolish Virgins*"
picture of, 45.
interpretation of, 49.
Wise man, the good man is the, 64.
Wu Ting Fang, his view of Christianity, 285.

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